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CHARLES LAFAYETTE BROWN, D.D.

Born December 3, 1874, in Iredell County, North Carolina.
Died December 5, 1921, at Sanoghie, Liberia, West Africa.

In Memoriam

Charles Lafayette Brown

Prepared by the Officers of the Board of
Foreign Missions of the United Lutheran Church
in America

EZRA K. BELL, President
LUTHER B. WOLF
GEORGE DRACH, Secretaries

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Charles Lafayette Brown

Minister, Missionary, Board Secretary

By George Drach

TO devote one's life to foreign mission effort requires the ardor of a crusader, the valor of an adventurer, the zeal of a devotee, the endurance of a martyr, the wisdom of a philosopher, the fidelity of a disciple and the faith of a Christian. Foreign missionaries are men and women who depend implicitly on God's grace and guidance, who believe His promises and obey His commandments with unquestioning devotion, who hope for the triumph of His kingdom everywhere on earth despite continued disappointments and seeming failure.

Secular history records the names of men whose undaunted courage as bold adventurers led them to unknown lands and through uncharted seas, heroes of great physical effort and endurance, whom death could not daunt, leaders of mighty armies whose ambition for dominion outreached their ability to hold what they gained.

Greater far than the lust for earthly power is the passion for spiritual conquest; mightier than the valor of nation-builders is the persistent faith

of Christian world-conquerors. The kingdom of God is stronger and wider and more permanent than any secular empire. The conquest of the world for Christ is the goal of all Christian endeavor. God has given the world and them that dwell therein to the missionaries of His Church.

Charles Lafayette Brown was a foreign missionary with his whole heart and mind and spirit. Every atom of his being responded to the Lord's call for the triumph of Christianity in all the world. His best book bears the title "Japan for Christ." His best years were given to the Christianization of the land of the Rising Sun. He was chosen as a Board Secretary on his record as a foreign missionary. He died in the pursuit of his high calling as an advocate of Christianity among non-Christians. His body lies buried in the heart of Liberia, West Africa. He is a missionary hero of the Lutheran Church in America.

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

Charles Lafayette, the fifth child of Robert H. Brown and his wife Susan Amelia *nee* Brown, was born December 3, 1874, on a farm in Iredell county, North Carolina. His father was of Scotch-Irish descent, his mother, a niece of Mrs. Samuel Rothrock, after whom she was named, was a member of a widespread family who descended from the German Browns located in the vicinity of Salisbury, North Carolina. Though of the same name, there was no blood relationship between husband and wife. While Charles was a small boy his father

gave up farming and went to Charlotte to engage in business as a merchant. When he was nine and one-half years old, his mother died. She was a woman of gentle, refined and deeply religious character with a towering faith in God and His Word. She taught her children from their infancy to know, love and serve God and to go to Him in prayer for all things. For several years before her demise she was an invalid who patiently bore her affliction. Her instruction and example left a deep and abiding impression on her children.

After his mother's death Charles was sent to his cousin, Pleasant Brown, to board and to attend the school taught by Miss Dora Fleegor, now Mrs. Brown, of Hendersonville, N. C. Later, when he was twelve or thirteen years old he went to live for about two years with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Quantz, of Richmond, Virginia. While in Richmond he learned the printer's trade. Under the influence of his aunt he decided to become a minister of the Gospel. His father, who had failed in his business and had returned to the occupation of farming in Spartansburg county, South Carolina, was in no position financially to assist his son. Charles was determined to prepare himself for college and was encouraged by his uncle and aunt. He went back to Rowan county to resume his studies under Prof. Lewis Rothrock, who was an excellent teacher. For his board he worked on the farm of his kinsman, Mr. Holzhauser, burning the midnight oil to prepare his lessons in school.

Another uncle, Rev. Samuel Rothrock, D.D., a country preacher all his life, but so distinguished that the University of North Carolina conferred on him the honorary degree of doctor of divinity, gave Charles in his impressionable youth special attention and helped to shape his aims and mould his character.

His sister, Mrs. P. D. Risinger, of Landis, North Carolina, the only surviving member of the family, testifies that her brother in his boyhood was "never rough or boisterous, but quiet, reserved and very conscientious. His father was a kind man and a devoted husband, refined, genteel and honest to a fault. He was loved and respected by all who knew him. Financial misfortune overtook him and he lost his property." He died in his daughter's home in Ehrhardt, South Carolina, on March 4, 1921, nine months before his distinguished son, whose filial piety was a source of comfort and strength to the aged parent during the closing years of his life.

COLLEGE DAYS

Charles entered Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia, in September, 1892, as a sophomore, being then seventeen years of age. His teachers found in him a diligent and careful student. He was always prepared for the class recitations, thus exemplifying in his youth the Latin phrase, "*Semper paratus.*"

He became a member of the Demosthenean Literary Society and an active worker in the Young Men's Christian Association. Rev. C. Armand

Miller, D.D., was then pastor of the college church, and his attractive personality made a deep impression on all the students. Throughout his college life Brown responded to the appeal of Dr. Miller's personal piety and fine scholarship. Brown's forensic ability was recognized by his fellow-students and teachers. In his junior year the Demostheneans were anxious to capture the inter-society orator's medal. Brown, their best orator, was induced to try for it. He won the honor for his class. He was the valedictorian at the commencement exercises in 1895. He did not go in for athletics, for which there was not the enthusiasm then that there is now.

He was a faithful attendant at the church services, at Sunday School and at young people's meetings. Through the two latter the college students were introduced to Salem society and made those acquaintances which sometimes led to matrimony. Brown met, wooed and won Virginia Frantz of Salem, while he was a college student. They were married September 29, 1898, in Salem, after his ordination, just before sailing for Japan.

One of his classmates in the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, writes that as a theological student Brown conscientiously and eagerly studied the entire Gospel record by a consecutive reading of the New Testament in the Lutheran Commentary. To him the Bible was truly the inspired Word of God, the means of divine grace through Jesus Christ. To preach and teach it was a grave responsibility as well as a high privilege. He spared no effort in his preparation for the

holy ministry. He was graduated from the Theological Seminary in 1898. True to the teaching of his professors he refrained from offering his service for any specific work in the Church, but waited for God to indicate to him through a call mediated by men, where he should go and labor in the vineyard of the Lord. Shortly before his graduation he received a call from the congregation at Graham, Virginia, but just before commencement the Board of Missions of the United Synod in the South sent him an urgent call to serve as a missionary in Japan. He felt it to be his duty to accept this call. He was ordained in 1898 at the meeting of the South West Virginia Synod, from which he had received some beneficiary aid. After an extended tour on the territory of the United Synod, urging the congregations to rally to the support of the Japan Mission, he sailed that fall for the mission field.

MISSIONARY IN JAPAN

When Brown arrived in Japan in November, 1898, he went to Saga on the island of Kyushu, where Missionaries Scherer and Peery had opened the Mission. Up to the time of his arrival, five years after the Mission had been begun, all evangelistic work had been confined to Saga and several smaller towns in its vicinity. Brown's arrival brought new hope and inspired new effort, and immediately a Japanese evangelist was sent to Kumamoto to open the second station. After two years of language study in Saga, Brown moved to Kuma-

moto on December 10, 1900. At the same time Rev. J. M. T. Winther, the first missionary of the United Danish Church in America, went to Kurume.

In Kumamoto he devoted himself to evangelistic work and, assisted by his wife, established and developed a number of Sunday schools. The need of securing Japanese evangelists and pastors, if the Church in Japan were to become indigenous, called for the establishment of a middle school; but the Home Board felt itself financially unable to authorize the undertaking. Brown, backed by the other missionaries, pressed for a solution as a matter which involved the very existence of the Mission. When he returned to America on regular furlough in June, 1906, he was appointed by the Board to present the need of a mission school at the meeting of the United Synod in the South, in session at Dallas, North Carolina. He pleaded earnestly and successfully and the Synod resolved to undertake the task. Brown was commissioned to solicit in the churches for the sum of \$25,000. Sickness in his family delayed his return to Japan until October, 1908. By that time he had secured the desired amount.

When he got back to Kumamoto a fresh study of the problem showed the inadequacy of the amount raised. The price of land, labor and material had advanced after Japan's successful war with Russia. A suitable lot was purchased in November, 1909, and there the matter rested until Rev. A. J. Stirewalt came to America on furlough in 1910. Through

his effort during an extended furlough period an additional \$25,000 were secured. Meanwhile the first buildings were being erected under Brown's supervision. Before their completion in 1912 the first class of students was admitted in April, 1911. Those who applied for admission numbered 228, but there was room for only 122. The next year 275 applied and 96 could be admitted. The school now enrolls nearly six hundred pupils in five classes. It is a Middle School under the Japan system of education, recognized by the government. The missionaries named it Kyushu Gakuin. *Kyushu* literally means the nine province island. *Gakko* is the Japanese name for school. *Gakuin* signifies a school of more than one department. Kyushu Gakuin was begun with two departments, a middle school and a theological department. It is, therefore, the Nine Province Department School of the American Lutheran Mission in Japan.

Kyushu, the most southern of the four large islands of Japan, has a population of 7,500,000, and an area nearly as large as the states of Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia combined. Besides Kyushu Gakuin there are two similar Mission Schools for boys in the island, each more than 150 miles away by rail. The latitude of Kumamoto is about the same as that of Savannah, Ga. It has a population of 75,000, is situated near the center of the island and is its undisputed educational center. Brown saw the educational advantage of locating the Mission Middle School in this city.

Pupils are received at Kyushu Gakuin when they

are twelve or thirteen years of age, after having had the six years' compulsory primary course in a government school. From Kyushu Gakuin the pupils go for a three years' course to a government high school and then, if they decide to enter the holy ministry, to the Theological Seminary. Recently the Mission had decided on a separate Theological Seminary, to be located in Tokyo, and to cost about \$100,000. It has appealed to the United Lutheran Church in America to provide this important institution. Several Japanese students in America are being prepared in our Theological Seminaries for professorships in the Tokyo Seminary. Others, studying in America, will return to Japan to do evangelistic and pastoral work.

All the students in Kyushu Gakuin are given opportunity in the classroom instruction, in Bible classes and in the chapel services to learn the truths of Christianity. Many have embraced this opportunity and the proportion of students baptized during their attendance, is exceptionally high. The students are practically all from non-Christian homes. Their parents know that they will be brought under the influence of Christian missionaries and teachers. Even though many of the students do not embrace Christianity, they learn to appreciate its spirit, lay aside their prejudices and become friendly in their attitude towards Christianity. Graduates of Kyushu Gakuin are now among the leaders in our Lutheran Church in Japan and some of them hold high government positions.

As a lasting memorial to its founder, Charles

Lafayette Brown, a chapel will be erected on the campus of Kyushu Gakuin at a cost of \$35,000. In it the Word of God which he believed, obeyed, and preached, will be proclaimed to thousands of Japanese students throughout the coming years, and many will learn to know Jesus Christ and embrace Him as their Saviour and Lord.

BOARD SECRETARY

When Rev. Robert C. Holland, D.D., President and General Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Synod in the South, died in December, 1915, the Board at once turned to Dr. Charles L. Brown, the President of the Mission Conference in Japan, and called him to serve as General Secretary for the period of his furlough, then due, with the view to permanency. Arriving in America in May, 1916, he threw himself vigorously into the active performance of the manifold duties of the secretaryship and did so well that when the merger of the general bodies of Lutherans, forming the United Lutheran Church in America, was consummated, resulting in the consolidation of their respective Foreign Mission Boards, Dr. Brown was unanimously chosen one of the three Secretaries of the united board. He served as Secretary for Japan, Africa, South America, Mission Study, Transportation and Stereopticon Department. The manner in which he speedily mastered the detail of his assigned departments bore evidence of his efficiency as an administrator. His public advocacy of the cause of Foreign Missions, especially when he

spoke of the mission work in Japan, always won close attention and led to deeper interest and greater effort.

For his ability and achievements as a missionary, Lenoir College, Hickory, North Carolina, in 1907, and his Alma Mater, Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia, in 1916, conferred on him the honorary degree of doctor of divinity. While he lived in Columbia, South Carolina, as General Secretary of the Southern Board, he taught in the Lutheran Theological Seminary in that city, and was a weekly contributor of articles published in the Foreign Mission Department of the *Lutheran Church Visitor*. Many pamphlets and leaflets were issued from his pen. Everything he wrote revealed his clear insight into the problems of Christian Missions in Japan, and his world-wide outlook as an advocate of Christianity.

LAST JOURNEY

After serving two and one-half years in the office of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Lutheran Church in America, the National Lutheran Council chose him as one of two special commissioners to investigate conditions in the former German Lutheran mission fields in equatorial East Africa. He left New York, accompanied by Rev. A. C. Zeilinger of the Iowa Synod, on April 16, 1921. They went to East Africa by way of India, reaching Mombassa on June 12th. From Tanga, twelve days later, they journeyed inland. During their tour of inspection in the former Leipsic, Berlin and Biele-

field fields in what is known as the Tanganyika Territory, they walked nearly 500 miles through primitive interior country inhabited by aboriginal negroes, undergoing many physical hardships. By conference with the English officials of the territory, with the two German missionaries who had been allowed to remain in the field and those of other societies, with the native leaders and people who had been converted to Christianity, the commissioners accomplished that which they had been sent to do. They succeeded in making arrangements for the preservation of the missions as Lutheran missions under the care and direction of American Lutheran Synods. Their cablegrams and reports to the National Lutheran Council, signed by Dr. Brown as chairman of the commission, clearly indicated with what consummate wisdom and careful judgment they pursued their difficult task and accomplished their purpose.

Leaving East Africa September 1, 1921, Dr. Brown went back to India and spent two weeks in the Guntur and Rajahmundry fields of our India Mission. Unfortunately we shall never know what information he gathered and what advice he would have given, for his notes and diary, written in India, are too meagre and disconnected to permit a correct interpretation without his personal comments.

At Marseilles, France, he made close connections with a steamer for Freetown, Sierra Leone. He reached Monrovia, Liberia, on Saturday, November 5, 1921. The steamship anchored in the open bay

before the city too late that night to discharge its passengers. Sunday morning the mail boat brought a note from the General Receiver, Mr. H. F. Worley, asking Dr. Brown to be his guest in Monrovia. Miss Elsie Otto of the Mission in Liberia came down from Muhlenberg Station on Monday and on Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock they took the launch up the St. Paul river. After some delay Millsburg was reached at 7.30 P. M., where a dozen mission boys, led by Miss Marie Martens, met them and escorted them over the two miles of the road to Muhlenberg. Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Traub had invited all the missionaries to dinner. It was a joyful company of men and women, welcoming one of the Secretaries of the Board, and they were deeply impressed by his fine Christian spirit and his sympathetic understanding of their unique missionary problems. Besides the missionaries already mentioned, Sister Laura Gilliland, Miss Mabel Dysinger and Mr. James W. Miller were present.

Dr. Brown visited first the Boys' School at Muhlenberg Station and the Emma V. Day Girls' School on the other side of the river. He examined all the buildings and departments of the mission work at the main station and then, on November 14th, he started for the interior. An itinerary had been arranged for him and the President of the Conference, Rev. Charles E. Buschman, was to accompany him. They first visited the new station of Kolojo, to which Rev. and Mrs. Buschman were moving from Wuodi. On this trip Dr. Brown had his first experience with a hammock as a vehicle for travel-

ing through the inland bush of Liberia. In the afternoon on the way from the school taught be Alonzo Turkle, to Kolojo, they were caught in a torrent of rain and reached their destination at 5.30 P. M., wet to the skin. At Kolojo they arranged the details of the trip to the other stations in the interior and to the territory of the proposed new stations nearer the French border.

From the closing pages of his diary the following notes are quoted: "Arrived at Kolojo, I had a warm bath and changed my wet clothing. I had eaten only cheese and bread for breakfast and lunch and was hungry. I ate a big dinner of rice and salmon and coffee. We did not get away from Kolojo on Wednesday owing to the tired condition of the porters. Wednesday we spent in palaver with them about the further journey. The chief of a nearby village came in and brought some rice meal as a present, but before handing over the meal he took a spoonful and ate it to show that it was not poisoned. They call it "Taking the witch off." Two short paragraphs, recording personal observations, follow, and the diary ends.

Brown and Buschman got to Sanoghie, a two and one-half days' journey from Kolojo on foot, over bush paths, but no farther. Buschman died of sunstroke on November 25th, and Brown of typhoid fever with complications on December 5th. Dr. Fuszek, of Monrovia, for whom the women missionaries at the station had sent, arrived too late to give the sufferers medical attention. Those who ministered to Dr. Brown in his last illness were Sis-

ter Ruth Robeson, who was stationed at Sanoghie, Sister Jennie Larmonth, who hastened over from Kpolopele, when word reached her by carrier from Sister Ruth, Mrs. C. E. Buschman, who came up from Kolojo and arrived at Sanoghie five days after the death of her husband, and Miss Marie Martens, who accompanied Mrs. Buschman. In the absence of an ordained missionary the bodies were buried at Sanoghie, Mr. Robert Stewart, a native helper, conducting a short service. There they lie, side by side, in the land and among the people for whom they gave their lives; but their souls go marching on, leading those who will follow into the farther interior, into the unreachd territory of the Kpele and allied tribes, into the villages of primitive negroes, to whom the Gospel must still be preached.

Two days after his 47th birthday Charles L. Brown passed from the Church militant to the Church triumphant. Over his grave we would write the words of the prophet Daniel: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

When the news of Dr. Brown's death reached Baltimore by cablegram to the office of the Board of Foreign Missions, it brought sorrow and mourning to the hearts of all who received the sad intelligence. His widow and sons bowed in patient submission to the will of God, though the last letter of the departed had led them to hope for his return soon after Christmas. Charles Alfred, the eldest son, was born in Nagasaki, Robert Marshall and Richard Halley in Kumamoto, Japan. As they gather in their family

circle in the evening, they will remember how he loved to spend his evening at home with them, reading aloud to the family or joining with the children in play. When they rise each morning, they will recall how he always began the day's work with family prayers. He never failed to remember the birthdays of the members of his family and always had some small token of love to give in remembrance of the day celebrated. In his home as elsewhere he was a man of God, a disciple of Jesus Christ.

The first public Memorial Service was held in connection with the farewell service to Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Curran on December 30, 1921, in the Church of the Epiphany, New York City, Rev. M. L. Canup, Pastor. Rev. and Mrs. Curran were on their way back to the mission field in Liberia, where Dr. Brown had died. Rev. A. Steimle, D.D., Chairman, introduced the speakers. Secretary Dr. George Drach, representing the Board of Foreign Missions, Secretary Dr. M. G. G. Scherer and President Dr. F. H. Knubel, representing the United Lutheran Church, paid tribute to the departed Dr. C. L. Brown and Rev. C. E. Buschman.

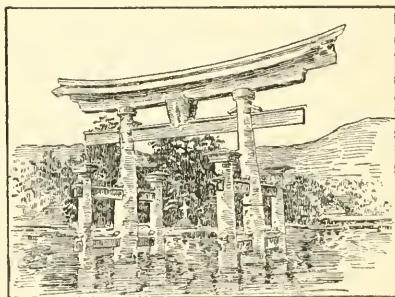
The Board of Foreign Missions of the United Lutheran Church in America held two memorial services in his memory, one on Sunday afternoon, January 8, 1922, in the First Lutheran Church, Baltimore, of which the President of the Board, Rev. Ezra K. Bell, D.D., is the pastor, and of which Dr. Brown was a member, the other in the inner circle of Board membership at the meeting of the Board

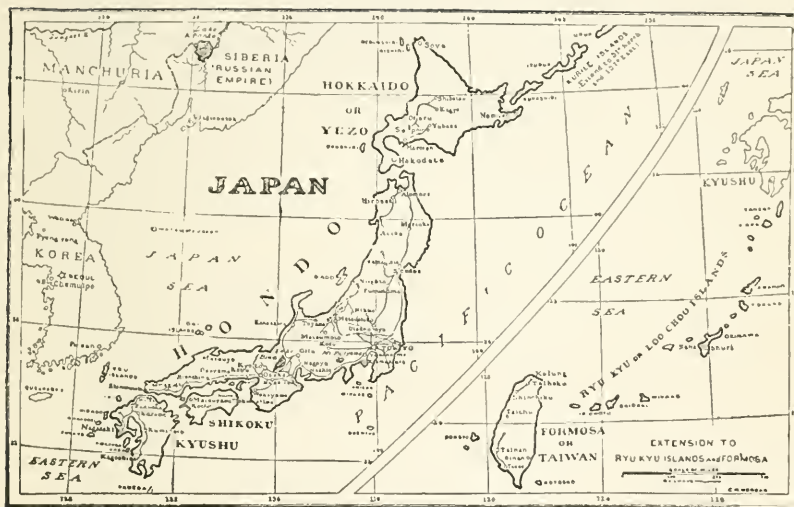
on January 26, 1922. Those who paid tribute to his memory at the public service were the President and Secretaries of the Board, Dr. Wm. H. Greever, Dr. M. M. Kinard, Prof. Dr. H. E. Jacobs and missionaries Dr. C. K. Lippard and F. D. Smith.

AN ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER

A study of the life of Charles L. Brown reveals traits of Christian character, which are altogether admirable and which are manifestly the products of Christian faith and education. The record of his life as a student, a missionary in Japan, and a Board Secretary, is marked throughout by implicit trust in God as revealed through Jesus Christ in His Word, conscientious devotion to every recognized duty, however irksome, cautious thinking and careful preparation for the performance of every task, and untiring fidelity to details. He had the ability to think a problem through to a satisfactory conclusion and then to state his case in a logical and convincing manner. In his relations with other men he was slow to anger, considerate of the other's opinions, calm and deliberate in judgment, courteous in speech and demeanor, tactful in giving advice, patient under opposition or adversity, and unselfish in his ambitions, never thrusting himself or his opinion forward in an endeavor to gain preferment or distinction above his fellows. He met the obligations of his appointed task with an eye single to the service of truth and duty, serving God rather than man. He was untiring in his efforts to complete any task which he had decided to do. He never

shirked or slackened effort, physical or mental, because his work involved difficulty or even danger. He was not ashamed of his Christian convictions and was always ready to state them to an inquirer or to defend them against an adversary. His life bears witness of the grace of God in Christ Jesus. What the Sacred Record testifies concerning Barnabas, who with the Apostle Paul shares the distinction of being the first foreign missionary of the Christian Church, may be unhesitatingly said of Charles Lafayette Brown: "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."





The Field in which Dr. C. L. Brown served as a Missionary for Eighteen Years.



MUHLBERG MISSION FIELD, LIBERIA, AFRICA.
The Field in which Dr. C. L. Brown Died.

Tributes

To the Memory of
Rev. Dr. Charles L. Brown

IN MEMORIAM

ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS AT
ITS MEETING ON JANUARY 26, 1922

THE subject of this sketch was the son of Robert H. Brown and his wife, Susan A. Brown. His early education was received in the elementary schools of the community. In youth he followed the printer's trade, subsequently entering Roanoke College and was graduated in 1895. He heeded the call to the Gospel Ministry, entered Mt. Airy Theological Seminary and completed the course in 1898. Impelled by a conviction of duty to engage in foreign missionary work he was called by the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Synod in the South to labor in Japan. He was ordained by the Southwestern Virginia Synod in 1898, and on the 29th of September he was married to Miss Virginia Frantz, of Salem, Va. After an extended visitation of the churches in the territory of the United Synod, he and his wife sailed for Japan arriving there towards the end of the year, and at once began the

study of the language preparatory to preaching the Gospel to the people of the Sunrise Kingdom. With zeal and consecration Dr. Brown devoted himself to the work of a missionary in a strange land and among strange people. For over seventeen years he faithfully preached and taught and wrought for the salvation of souls and the extension of the Kingdom of His Lord and Master.

Upon the death of Rev. Robert C. Holland, D.D., the beloved President of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Synod of the South in December, 1915, this Board called Dr. Brown to serve as its General Secretary for the period of his furlough, then due, with a view to permanency. He accepted the call and, arriving in this country in May, 1916, entered actively upon his duty in June. With untiring energy he threw himself into the work, achieving remarkable results under the blessing of God, until the formation of the United Lutheran Church in America and the creation and organization of its Board of Foreign Missions, when he was elected one of its three Secretaries. His valuable service in this sphere is acknowledged by his secretarial colleagues, by the Board of Foreign Missions and by the Church at large.

At the request of the National Lutheran Council Dr. Brown was granted leave of absence, temporarily to permit his serving on a commission to investigate conditions of the Lutheran Missions in Equatorial Africa. Sailing from New York, April 16, 1921, he arrived finally in Africa and applied himself to the duty assigned with his usual fidelity

and enthusiasm, enduring the discomfort of climate and the weariness of toil, forging his way on foot in the interest of the mission stations, lying more than three hundred miles in the interior, encouraging the hearts and strengthening the faith of the brethren and laying the foundation for the preservation and future development of the Lutheran Missions in that part of the earth.

From East Africa Dr. Brown proceeded to India, visiting the principal mission stations, thence to Western Africa, visiting the Muhlenberg Mission, Republic of Liberia. While on a tour into the interior, with the view of locating new points of operation, he was stricken with typhoid fever. After a brief period of suffering, by the will of God, he fell asleep and entered into heavenly rest to awake amid eternal glories. Surviving Dr. Brown are a wife and three sons. Upon them has come sorrow, pressing with crushing force, but sharing the burden of their sorrow are thousands of hearts in many regions in the Americas, in Japan, in India and in Africa, filled with loving sympathy, and going up to God in prayer for His sustaining grace and fatherly protection.

The limits of this tribute do not permit mention of the outstanding achievements of Dr. Brown as missionary, teacher, builder, author, investigator and executive official, nor of the recognition by the Church and its Colleges of his qualities of mind and heart and life as witnessed by trusts imposed and honors bestowed. Those must be reserved for place in a more extended memorial.

Dr. Brown, who fell a martyr to his devotion to the cause of foreign missions was a man of prepossessing personality. His noble character manifested itself in looks, words and deeds. His kindness of heart and fine courtesy endeared him to all his friends. His earnest faith, his clear views of Scripture, his strong sense of duty, and his superb courage combined to make him not only a good minister of Jesus Christ, but also an ideal missionary.

It is, therefore, with profoundest sorrow that we witness the calling of our friend and co-laborer; but we bow in submission before the inscrutable will of our Heavenly Father. His is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory. He is the Lord over all, and He will continue to extend His Kingdom. Though men may come to the work, though they fall in the heat of the day, He will call others into their places and He will not suffer His cause to fall.

To the tender mercies of our Heavenly Father and the consolations of the Holy Spirit, we commend the bereaved family of our friend, at the same time assuring them of our sympathy with them in their grief and of our continuing interest and readiness to assist them in whatever ways circumstances may allow.

TRIBUTE BY HIS FELLOW SECRETARIES OF THE
BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

Our circle has been broken. We mourn the loss of a brother beloved, a fellow worker in the great Cause which we represent.

Charles L. Brown was a Christian worker, who

knew his task and gloried in it. His long residence in Japan as a missionary gave him a clear and ample view of the task to which our Lord has set His Church. He never grew weary in its pursuit or its presentation to others. He mastered its details with most patient effort and thoroughness. Whatever he undertook he did well.

We cannot speak too highly of him as our associate. Coming into our circle as a comparative stranger, he soon won his way to our hearts. We learned to love him. He leaves a large place vacant in our office, and a yet larger one in our hearts.

He approached every subject with singular open-mindedness. He had the supreme gift and grace of graciously yielding to others when they differed from him. His mental processes revealed a rare combination of sound judgment, Christian courtesy, methodical reasoning, steady effort and sane conclusions. How we shall miss him in our councils!

He never forgot that he belonged to Japan by choice and service and yet he was anxious to see all foreign fields with that clear view and wide sympathy which was to be expected from one who took his life's plan from His Lord and tried to see all men in all nations as those for whom Christ gave His life.

He left us while in the performance of his appointed duty and responsibility, with his powers of heart and mind unimpaired, vigorous and at their highest point of efficiency. He was responsive to every call to service and never faltered when hard work or even impending danger confronted him. His

life's motto may be summoned up in the apostolic declaration: "This one thing I do."

We shall greatly miss him at the office of the Board of Foreign Missions and his absence means a distinct loss to the great Cause to which he rendered his full measure of devotion.

LUTHER B. WOLF.

GEORGE DRACH.

TRIBUTE BY THE BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS AND CHURCH EXTENSION

The Board of Home Missions and Church Extension of the United Church embraces this, its first opportunity, to convey to the Board of Foreign Missions its keen recognition of the loss that Board sustained in the removal of Dr. C. L. Brown from the Church on earth.

His discriminative judgment, his keen discernment, his deep sympathy, his intelligent interest, his fine sense of understanding, make us feel that a great man has fallen.

Few men in our Lutheran Church knew the Japanese people, their national distinctiveness, their mental attitude, better than he. Few were capable of advancing the cause of Christ in the Sunrise Kingdom more constructively, more permanently than he. Few men could present the interests of the work there to the people here more convincingly, more helpfully, more successfully than he. He was a missionary statesman.

He loved Japan, but not only Japan. He carried the Mission work everywhere, with its problems and

possibilities, on his heart. He began his work in Japan, he finished it in Africa.

Whilst he was particularly identified with the work of Christ's church as carried on in other lands, yet he loved all the work of the Church. He had a sympathetic interest for every phase of that work as it is being conducted by and represented in the various boards. He never pitted his cause against another. His judgment was too sound, his love too broad for that. He preferred to let each cause rest on its own merits. He wanted all causes to flourish. He was a true Churchman.

He has gone from us. His exodus at this particular moment is humanly inexplicable. We make no attempt to fathom it. We aim not to interpret it. It is the Lord's doings. We bow before Him in full recognition that He doeth all things well. The death of His saints is precious to Him, it comes neither too soon nor yet too late. We ask not why, we only pray that as He takes the laborers from the field to rest, that He will thrust forth more laborers to gather the ever ripening harvest.

He has gone. We remain. He is with Christ and Christ is with us. He and we are one in Him.

"O blest communion, fellowship divine,
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine.
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine."
Alleluia.

TRIBUTE BY THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED LUTHERAN CHURCH

During the whole course of his missionary activity

the work of Dr. C. L. Brown was closely related to that of the women of the Church, and it is fitting that our Women's Board should pay this tribute to his memory.

When a student at Roanoke College, a solo sung by a young girl of the College Lutheran Church crystallized in his mind the determination to devote himself to the cause of missions, and when he was sent to Japan by the Board of Missions of the former United Synod of the South, this young woman accompanied him as his wife.

His work in Japan was especially successful among young men, and his contact with the quick-witted sons of Nippon challenged him to become a real thinker and leader among them.

On his first furlough in America he asked for \$25,000 to begin a school for Japanese boys, but the Board of Missions felt that this was too large a task for the Southern Church and delayed action on his recommendation. It was then that a woman said, "There are 25,000 women in the United Synod of the South and if each could give a dollar the school could be built." While the completed school cost more than twice the original estimate, the \$25,000 Fund projected by the Women's Missionary Societies had a large share in the success of the undertaking.

From the day of its opening the boys' school at Kumamoto was overcrowded with students and many had to be refused admittance. Dr. Brown organized the school and directed it during the first years of its existence. He was particularly happy in

his relations with the students and with the Japanese members of his faculty.

From the year 1898, until the formation of the United Lutheran Church, the women of the South-western Virginia, the North Carolina, and the South Carolina Societies united in the support of Dr. Brown. Whenever he was home on furlough and later in his official capacity as Foreign Mission Secretary, he was never absent from the meetings of the Women's Conventions.

Dr. Brown had an unusually firm grasp upon reality, and his presentation of conditions on the mission field was always clear, sane and untinged by cant or sentimentality. He was never narrow or local in his interests, and after the merger he endeavored to gain the same clear knowledge of the problems of the other mission fields as he had of Japan. He met his death in the pursuit of such knowledge.

While we are sure that the right hand of Jehovah changeth not, and that He still doth lead His Church, as He did Israel of old, our hearts are sad at the loss of this our friend and counselor; and we wish herewith to express our sense of bereavement and to pay tribute to his clear vision, his broad-minded viewpoint and his single-hearted devotion to duty.

MRS. W. F. MOREHEAD.

MRS. H. C. MICHAEL,

Recording Secretary.

MRS. J. G. TRAVER, *President.*

RESOLUTIONS OF THE LUTHERAN FOREIGN MISSIONS
CONFERENCE

At its recent meeting in Atlantic City, the Lutheran Foreign Missions Conference passed the following resolution, which I have been requested to forward to your Board:

"Whereas, the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Brown, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Lutheran Church, and special Commissioner to distressed fellow-believers in East African Missions, has, in the prime of life and in the midst of his self-sacrificing and blessed work for the extension of the Kingdom, in the infinite wisdom of God been called from the Church militant into the Church triumphant,

Be it resolved by the Lutheran Foreign Missions Conference:

1. That we express our heartfelt thanks to God for the life and work of this faithful witness to the glory of God's name, and for the completion of his special mission to East Africa.

2. That we convey our sincere sympathy to all sorrowing relatives and friends as well as to the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Lutheran Church, who mourn his death."

LAURITZ LARSEN, Secretary.

TRIBUTE BY THE EDUCATIONAL SECRETARY OF THE
MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT

For those of us who are on the executive staff of

the Movement, I want to tell you how much we had come to respect Dr. Brown even in the short time that we had opportunity to cooperate with him in the particular work that brought us into touch. He always took his membership on our committees seriously. He always seemed to make it a point to call at our offices when he was in New York to talk over our work with us. He was always sympathetic and constructive in his suggestions and criticisms of the policies and the proposals for literature of the Movement. It was certainly a great shock to us to learn that he had succumbed to fever while on his tour in Africa. It was indeed a case of a soldier giving up his life in the discharge of his duties.

We deeply sympathize with all of you who have lost Dr. Brown's fine fellowship and comradeship in the service of your Board.

FRANKLIN D. COGSWELL.

TRIBUTES FROM JAPAN

RESOLUTIONS BY THE JAPAN MISSION

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in His inscrutable Providence, to call from earth our dear Friend and Brother, the Rev. Chas. L. Brown, D.D.,

We, the Members of the Japan Mission of the United Lutheran Church in America, do hereby pass the following resolutions:

1. That it is with inexpressible consternation and grief that we have received the news of Dr. Brown's death.

2. That, as a fellow missionary, as a leader among us for many years, and later as the Secretary for the Japan Mission, as well as our warm personal friend and companion, we shall not cease to mourn his loss.

3. That we devoutly render thanks to God for His Wisdom and Grace in sending to Japan in the early days of our Mission's existence a man so abundantly blessed with gifts of intellect and soul as was our beloved Brother; that we thank God for the influence of his life and work here in Japan, and especially for his successful labors in the establishment of the Church in Japan, and in the founding of our school in Kumamoto which stands as an impressive monument to his ability and devotion.

4. That we see in his death the death of a martyr for the Cause of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, losing his life in others' behalf after the example of his Lord.

5. That we herewith pledge ourselves anew to the Cause for which he so unceasingly labored, and that we strive to emulate his sterling virtues of discretion, determination, and fidelity.

6. That we herewith send our condolences to the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Lutheran Church in America on the loss of our esteemed Brother as Secretary for Japan, and at the same time pray God that He would raise up a successor with like sympathetic understanding of the Japan Field and its needs, who may carry forward the work that Dr. Brown had so ably begun.

7. That we offer to Mrs. Brown and her three

sons our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement, together with the assurance of our undying affection and reverence for Dr. Brown, whose death is to us the loss of a Brother, and whose memory we shall always hold in sacred veneration.

Signed for the Japan Mission.

J. P. NIELSON, President.

EDWARD T. HORN, *Secretary*.

Kumamoto, Kyushu, Japan.

December 29th, 1921.

AN APPRECIATION BY THE JOINT EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE REPRESENTING THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH IN JAPAN

The death of Dr. Brown has filled us all with sadness and consternation. When, in 1916, Dr. Brown left Japan, we all thought that his absence would be only for a year, and we confidently awaited his speedy return. When later on it appeared doubtful whether he would come back to us or remain in America in the interests of the Japan work, with one accord we petitioned the Board to send him back. When, however, finally it became evident that he was needed in America in the capacity of Secretary for the Japan Field, everyone of us here cherished the hope that as Secretary he might periodically visit Japan for the purpose of investigation and supervision of the work.

One year had lengthened into more than five, and still the same affection for him kept us firm in the hope that we should one day see him here again—a hope now never to be realized. The notice of his

death in Africa has been received with deep mourning throughout our churches.

Dr. Brown possessed characteristics of mind and soul which pre-eminently qualified him for the work of a missionary. He was discriminating and judicious. Eagerness to learn and readiness to serve were combined in him with signal ability to accomplish definite results. He was by common consent a leader among his missionary colleagues. And by his Japanese brethren he was regarded as a brother and companion, and admitted into their intimate counsels and confidence. He never strove by force to impose his will on others, but was in all things animated by sound reasonableness. He never set himself up as a master over his fellow-workers, but ever sought to render the greatest service by co-operating where they deemed he could be most useful. In frequently perplexing situations, when misunderstandings were difficult to avoid, he ever gave proof of true Christian humility and tact that is born of genuine consideration for the rights and feelings of others.

The Lutheran Church in Japan deeply mourns his loss. May the God Whom he and we together worship and serve bless and keep the loved ones who survive him. May God abundantly prosper the work which he so diligently sought to further while among us. And may God raise up many to carry on the great Cause for which he gave his all, even his life.

To Charles L. Brown, D.D., noble missionary of the Cross, Christian gentleman, fellow-laborer in the Lord's vineyard, discreet counsellor, true friend, elder brother, and faithful steward and overseer of

the King's Business, this poor tribute is affectionately and respectfully dedicated.

KOKICHIRO TAKIMOTO

TSUNEKICKI YONEMURA

D. HONDA

J. P. NIELSEN

A. J. STIREWALT

EDWARD T. HORN

The Joint Executive Committee in Session at Osaka,
Japan, February 3rd, 1922.

REPORT OF THE ZAIDAN OF KYUSHU GAKUIN,
KUMAMOTO, JAPAN.

January 22, 1922.

The Board of Directors of Kyushu Gakuin, Kumamoto, has learned with great sorrow of the death of the Rev. C. L. Brown, D.D., founder and first Dean of Kyushu Gakuin, and at the time of his death Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Lutheran Church in America.

Its members desire to record their high appreciation of his faithful and consecrated Christian character, of the eminent services which he rendered the Church as a consecrated missionary in Japan for eighteen years, and especially of the influence he exerted during his life here upon his fellow missionaries and the Japanese with whom he was associated. We feel very seriously the loss of this faithful soldier of the Cross, but thank our Heavenly Father for his life and example, and pray that the peace of God which passes all understanding may

abide with the family in their bereavement.

The first Memorial Service was held the Sunday after we received the cable message, December 18th. This was at the Suido Church at the evening service. Some of the speakers were Ishimatsu San, who gave the history of Dr. Brown's life and spoke in high appreciation of him. Mr. Toyama spoke as representing the school and Mr. Nielsen as representing the Mission. There were others too as representing the congregation and students. The attendance of members and old friends was good and every one voiced the high regard in which he was held.

Our Memorial Service at the school was held the following Wednesday, December 21st, at 1.30 P. M., in the gymnasium building. The room was appropriately draped, with a photograph of Dr. Brown in front of the speakers' stand, as the Japanese always have on such an occasion. This was a photograph Dr. Brown gave us before he returned to America, the best that we could get at the time.

The whole student body, teachers, most of the foreigners of the city and a number of Dr. Brown's old friends were present, making a total of over six hundred. Mr. Murakami presided. Mr. Fujita read the scripture lesson and Mr. Takase led in prayer. Mr. Toyama then spoke in regard to Dr. Brown, his life, work and especially his work in connection with the founding of Kyushu Gakuin and his associations with him. He spoke very highly of him, and also very feelingly, and I know that he has felt the loss very much. He emphasized the

great influence Kyushu Gakuin has had on the lives of so many and spoke of this as being Dr. Brown's greatest work for Japan. I then had the privilege of speaking as the foreign representative of the school, and among other things emphasized Dr. Brown's high regard for duty and how this had led him to give his life for Japan and the work of spreading the Gospel throughout the world. I tried also to tell something of his work in connection with the founding of Kyushu Gakuin. Mr. Nielsen then spoke as representing the Seminary, speaking of what Dr. Brown's work had meant for our Theological Department. Rev. Ishimatsu spoke, representing the graduates of the Seminary and spoke of Dr. Brown's wisdom in dealing with theological students, his kindness and ability as a teacher. Mr. Nishi, one of the first graduates of the Middle School, spoke for the Middle School graduates, telling of the high regard in which Dr. Brown was held by the Middle School students. Dr. Fukuda spoke for the Christians of the city and had a very fine talk. He spoke of how a life like Dr. Brown's reveals and interprets Christ to those with whom he came in contact. Rev. Kawase of the Methodist Church spoke for the city Pastoral Association, and spoke of Dr. Brown's ability as a preacher and scholar. All seemed to voice the expression that a truly great man had fallen, one who could not be forgotten and that Kyushu Gakuin stands as a memorial to its founder and first Dean.

L. S. G. MILLER, *Dean*

TRIBUTE FROM TOKYO—BY ONE OF HIS PUPILS
AND CONVERTS.

The latter part of the year 1921 was very unfortunate for Japan. On the one hand, there was the assassination of Premier Hara (one of the greatest statesmen in our history), when our country needed his services more than ever before; and, on the other hand, we learned, to our great sorrow, of the death of Dr. Charles L. Brown, our beloved teacher, and a distinguished figure in the missionary field of our Lutheran Church in Japan.

It was on November 10th, 1921, that I received an order from the Japanese Government to go to London on duty. Taking this unusual opportunity, I chose a route for London via the United States, because by so doing, I could realize my long-cherished hope of visiting Dr. Brown—whom I had not seen for more than a decade—at his own home at Baltimore, Maryland.

This expectation tragically failed to realize, as Dr. Brown had died suddenly in Liberia, Africa. On the 19th of December, 1921, a farewell meeting was given in my honor by the people of our Church in Tokyo. This meeting, originally planned for me, was unexpectedly turned into a council in which we talked quietly but earnestly over the death of Dr. Brown, and eventually decided that we should convey to Mrs. Brown in America our deepest sympathy and regret at her husband's death. How sad it was that I, who had been longing to see him, had to be the bearer of this message!

When I look back upon those school days in Kumamoto, some nineteen years ago, I realize that it was Dr. Brown's untiring and sincere leadership which inspired and brought me so close to our Lord Jesus Christ that I decided to become a Christian and was baptized by him. Ever since then, I have been one of His followers.

Dr. Brown possessed a wonderful personality which we always admired. Through frequent association with him and his family, how often was my faith in Him strengthened and did I receive a new light upon the path of my spiritual life. My feeling toward Dr. and Mrs. Brown has, therefore, been so sincere and intimate that I have always looked up to them as to my spiritual parents. There are a good many other Japanese who have been closely associated with him and his family, and their impressions of him are equally as strong as mine.

Dr. Brown had, at the bottom of his heart, a great sympathy and comprehensive understanding of Japan, and stood firmly in the belief that he was called to lead the Young Japan. The various works rendered by him for Japan are invaluable; for example, he was once a teacher of English in the Higher School of Kumamoto (where I was one of his students); at the time of the Labor Conference, held in Washington, he tried his best to give every possible assistance to our delegation. In an official capacity, Dr. Brown held an important office in the United Lutheran Church in America as a Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions. Last spring when duty again called him upon a further work, he was

commissioned to go to East Africa and British India. He visited the Mission Fields throughout the interior parts of these two tropical countries. For nearly eight months he continued his journey, fighting against the intense tropical heat until he became a victim of fever and passed away in Liberia, West Africa, on December 5th, 1921.

It is a supreme victory when one sacrifices his life for his duty, upholding bravely to the last the banner of our Lord. His death, like that of the soldier who dies on the field of battle, deserves our highest tribute.

On January 25th, 1922, I visited Mrs. Brown and her sons at Baltimore to offer them condolence from their old friends in Tokyo. When I first met Mrs. Brown and grasped her hand, neither of us could utter a single word for a while—her eyes were full of tears and we exchanged our greetings in silence. In writing this, I am, even now, too full of those recollections to express what I wish.

In conclusion, it is my earnest prayer that the seed sown in Japan by Dr. Brown's hand may grow and bear fruit gloriously and be a source of spiritual strength to the nation; and that God may bless and comfort the bereaved family.

TATSUMI EZOYE,

Lieut.-Commander, Imp. Japanese Navy.
Philadelphia, Pa.

January 25th, 1921.

TRIBUTE FROM INDIA

Minute of the Executive Committee of the Council of the India Mission, Guntur, January 6th, 1922.

The Committee arose and remained standing while Rev. Roy Strock read the following minute on the death of Dr. C. L. Brown, prepared by Drs. John Aberly and Victor McCauley.

The India Mission places on record its loss in the death of the Rev. C. L. Brown, D.D., at Sanoghie, Africa, December 5th, 1921.

Though Dr. Brown was not directly connected with the work in India, as one of the Secretaries of the Board, yet as being in charge of transportation and of the Lantern Slide Lectures, our missionaries were helped by him. His obliging disposition and uniform courtesy were noticeable to all, in all his official relations with them. During his all too brief visit to the Mission for about two weeks in September we were impressed with the thorough grasp he had of mission problems. He visited hurriedly practically all of our stations, saw most sympathetically all their needs, and his interest in the work led us to hope that he could and would present our condition and needs to the Board and the Home Church in such a way as to create an increased interest in it. His untimely end makes such personal presentation impossible and this is a special loss to us and to our work. Apart from the work, though some of us knew him only for a short time, we all feel we lost a friend and a brother when on December 5th, in the dark continent of Africa he finished his course

and departed to be with his Lord.

Resolved: That we record our sincere appreciation of the character and work of the Rev. C. L. Brown, D.D., one of our Home Secretaries, and the loss not only our Mission but the Mission work in general has sustained in the death of our departed brother.

Resolved: That we extend our sympathy to the family of Dr. Brown as also to the Board, to our fellow-workers in Africa and in Japan, and pray that they may have the consolations of our Christian hope in the bereavement that has befallen them.

Resolved: That in Dr. Brown's faithfulness unto death we recognize a call that we, as also the Church which he served, increase our devotion to the cause for which he gave his life so that the great sacrifice he made on behalf of the Missions may result in larger consecrations to the great task of bringing the non-Christian world to a knowledge of Him Who taught by word and deed that except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.

After the reading of the minute, Dr. Aberly led in prayer.

Resolved: That this minute be accepted as the expression of the Executive Committee, incorporated in its minutes and a copy sent to the bereaved family.

TRIBUTE FROM LIBERIA, AFRICA

*Minute of the Muhlenberg Mission Conference,
January 10, 1922.*

For many years the Muhlenberg Mission had urged the Foreign Mission Board to send a representative to its Africa Mission Field to inspect the work and thus secure first-hand information of its needs.

Early this year we were delighted to know that Dr. C. L. Brown was to visit certain former German Missions in East Africa, and would endeavor to visit Liberia on his return. This plan was fulfilled, and Dr. Brown reached Liberia early in November to stay about six weeks. The desire of all was that our Secretary should see all the stations, the large, populous hinterland, and then talk over with the missionaries on the field some of our most perplexing mission problems.

This schedule was being carried out, and our Conference President with Dr. Brown had gone as far interior as Sanoghie, when both men took sick, and, despite every effort to send medical aid, died and were buried at that station, Rev. Buschman on November 25th, and Dr. Brown on December 5th.

These deaths occurring so suddenly, and so close together, have shocked us almost beyond expression. Like the Emmaus disciples on the evening of the first Easter day, we trusted that these men should work out plans which should mean the redemption of many in Liberia, and the firmer planting of the

Church of Jesus Christ. God's hand, however, seems to indicate that the time for the fulfillment of our hopes is not yet ripe. It seems to us now as if to the list of heroes recorded in Hebrews 11, and that longer list who have followed in their train, must be added the names of Rev. C. E. Buschman and Dr. C. L. Brown "who having obtained a good report through faith received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect."

Dr. Brown was an active worker in Foreign Missions for many years. He served as Missionary in Japan for eighteen years, and in 1916 returned to the United States to be the Secretary of the Foreign Board of the United Synod in the South. The union of the three Lutheran bodies in 1918 resulted in making Dr. Brown one of the three secretaries of the United Foreign Board. His willingness to serve, his active interest in missionaries' comfort and welfare, his tireless fidelity in acting as purchasing agent for this Mission, and his love and sympathy in our work and problems, as shown during his month with us on the field, revealed to us the large heart of the man, and the true missionary spirit which inspired him.

The home-going of these two men was fittingly expressed by a Liberian woman, Mrs. Alex Harris, in a parable: "When a woman goes through her garden, she plucks the fairest flowers for her bouquet; so God has gathered the most beautiful souls to bloom in the Father's house."

As a mark of love and esteem for our faithful



CHRISTIANS IN FRONT OF KUMAMOTO CHURCH, JAPAN.

Dr. C. L. Brown stands on the extreme right. Mrs. Brown is sitting near the center, bottom row.



KYUSHU GAKUIN GRADUATING CLASS.

March, 1921.

This is the School at Kumamoto, Japan, which Dr. C. L. Brown Established.

Secretary, Dr. Brown, the Conference closed its final session with a session of silent prayer, followed by two audible prayers by Sister Jennie Larmouth and Rev. Jens Larsen.

TRAUB.

The Special Committee: BROSIUS.

ROBESON.

EDITORIAL TRIBUTES

Announcement of the death, in Liberia, West Africa, of our very efficient Foreign Mission Board Secretary, Dr. C. L. Brown, comes as a severe shock to the Church. So sad and unexpected is the news that details as to the manner of his sudden demise are quite overshadowed in importance by the solemn and unwelcome fact itself. Surely God has once more put our faith to a severe test by removing one of the pillars of our Foreign Mission work at a time when he had reached his highest usefulness, and was commissioned by the Church to fulfill a most important task in connection with the Missions in former German Colonies in East Africa.

The Lutheran.

While on the path of duty, before his work in Africa was finished, God called Dr. C. L. Brown to his eternal home. He was a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ in his life-long endeavor to help in carrying out the great commission to preach the Gospel to those who have not yet heard it. Our friend, our brother, our fellow-laborer in the Lord, commissioned in his young manhood for service as

a Missionary in Japan, gave his life for the Christianization of Africa. Two days after his forty-seventh birthday, his earthly journey ended. During the two and one-half years of his service in the office of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Lutheran Church, as Secretary for Japan, Africa, South America, Mission Study, Transportation and Stereopticon Department, he demonstrated his ability as a wise, careful and faithful administrator of the executive departments assigned to him.

The Foreign Missionary.

From Liberia comes the extremely sad news by cable that Dr. C. L. Brown died on the fifth of December.

What a shock, and what a loss! When the message was read to one of the leaders in the Church his sorrowful comment was, "Inscrutable Providence." Such it was. Nothing but faith can accept it with loyal submissiveness.

It was our privilege to know Dr. Brown with the intimacy of a brother in the flesh, as well as a brother in the faith, during a period of nearly thirty years—dating back to college days. We have shared his joys and his sorrows, none of which have been separate or distinct from the great work to which he consecrated his life without reservation. Many times have we heard him deliver his Gospel messages, always with a clearness of thought, a purity of diction and a spirit of earnestness and sincerity which made them irresistible, but the text

of one of these sermons was so impressed upon us by the sermon delivered upon his return for a furlough from Japan, that it has always been associated with this great servant of Christ: I John 5:4: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Not only was that faith characteristic of and effective in the life of our beloved brother, but it is now our source of comfort in the keen and trying bereavement which the news of his death inflicts.

It is a sad fact that there are few men in the world, and few even in our Church, that can be compared to Dr. C. L. Brown. He was a man of unusual intellectual endowments, and, even though his life was filled beyond reasonable measure with practical duties, he developed a non-technical scholarship that was great in depth because it comprehended the fundamental facts and principles of life and evaluated them in the light of a clear apprehension of revealed truth. As truly as it can be said of any man, he was a man of blameless character. He was a very human man, and made mistakes like many other good men, but no one who knew him ever doubted his sincerity, his conscientiousness and his steadfast loyalty to right principles and the highest ideals. He was not only a good man, but he was a godly man. His religion was genuine. He feared, loved and trusted in God above all things, and He lived in communion with God. He could truthfully say, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God." He lived for nothing else. He was an extremely modest man, and supremely unselfish. He sought no honors, he

was never self-assertive, and never raised issues where self consideration was the chief factor. He despised the very appearance of selfish ambition, and sought the position of humble but faithful service. If we can say it of any man in a large circle of acquaintances, we can say of Dr. Brown that he was one who "left all and followed Him."

And the loss to the Church through, what seems to men, the untimely death of Dr. Brown? No thought can estimate it, no words can express it. He has passed in the very prime of life, not yet fifty years old, just when his knowledge, judgment, and personality are most needed. "Inscrutable providence!" But he did not go down in defeat. He is a triumphant hero. He leaves achievements behind him, especially in Japan, which would be great for a great life of double the length of his. God honored him, God blessed him, and God has crowned him. In faith we accept this providence of an all-wise Father, and pray that He will send forth more laborers, like this one, into the fields of the world so white unto the harvest.

To say more would be but to reveal the more personal grief of a bereft heart. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Dr. W. H. Greever in *The American Lutheran Survey*.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES

Extracts from letters sent to the President and Secretaries of the Board and to Mrs. Brown after the announcement of the death of Dr. Brown.

The telegram you sent me, overwhelmed me with sadness. My heart has lingered upon the news it communicated again and again. Naturally my thoughts go out towards Mrs. Brown and after that towards your Board. Furthermore, I recognize that a distinct loss has come for the Church as a whole.

F. H. KNUBEL,

President of the United Lutheran Church
in America.

437 Fifth Avenue, New York.

There are few men among my many former former pupils for whom I have had higher regard or greater affection than Dr. C. L. Brown. In making the decision to consecrate his life to the work in Japan, he gave me his full confidence, and I appreciated the struggle which it cost. I watched with great interest his growth under the responsibilities of the Japan work, and admired the statesmanlike ability with which he mastered the situation, and represented the cause. I have never heard a nobler missionary address than the one which he made before the United Lutheran Synod in the South at Dallas, N. C.

His memory will live, as that of one of our most efficient missionaries, and earnest and devoted Christian men.

HENRY E. JACOBS.

Lutheran Theological Seminary,
Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Just twenty-four years ago, at a similar service, held in St. Michael's Church, Germantown, Philadelphia, there stood in a class somewhat larger than this a modest, humble candidate for graduation, who had recently passed through a severe spiritual struggle, because an unexpected call had come to him from the foreign field. It was not so much reluctance to separate from home and country, as the overwhelming sense of his own insufficiency, that caused him for awhile to hesitate. But so urgent was the appeal, that he felt that to decline it would be almost equivalent to turning away from his calling as a Christian and a prospective minister. For the servant of Christ must go wherever he is sent. A man who sings with heart and soul the stanza, heard so often on these grounds in our daily worship:

"The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command;
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy feet."

cannot lightly dismiss the opportunity for such toil,

and the call to such labor, when the Lord hears his prayer and accepts his offer.

Passing over his many years of efficient labor in laying the foundation for a great work in Japan, and in awakening interest for it in America, he had scarcely reached the prime of life and the maturity of his power, when, last December, as he was returning from a general inspection of various fields of our mission work, he retraced his steps to discharge an important duty amidst the heat and malaria of tropical Liberia. Though bringing with him most important information that he had gathered, but had not committed to writing, any one who knew him could have foretold that his receipt of instructions would be followed by instant obedience. He turned back to fall a martyr to the cause he loved more than life itself, and, while his body rests in Africa, he has left a name, not only to be ever remembered in the College, where he sat at the feet of the venerable teacher, Dr. Fox, who has addressed you today, but also to be ever associated with this Seminary, as an inspiration and an example, to the generations of students who follow him on this favored spot, of quiet, thoughtful, determined, inflexible, prayerful, far-seeing devotion to a great trust. But far more than this. The results of those few weeks of struggle cannot be computed, until the harvest of God's elect in Japan and Africa have been fully gathered in.

[Dr. Henry E. Jacobs, President of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, in his address to the Graduating Class of 1922].

Dr. Brown's sacrifice has not been in vain, for Dr. C. M. Jacobs tells me that he had sent in a magnificent report to the National Lutheran Council, which will be of far-reaching importance in shaping the destinies of the Lutheran Missions in the Tanganyika Territory. So we have over in that inexorable Africa, the grave of another hero, who gave his life for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom.

Personally, I shall miss Dr. Brown exceedingly, for his genial disposition and his lovable character endeared him to everyone who came in contact with him, and I have known him for many years.

C. THEODORE BENZE.

Lutheran Theological Seminary,
Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

I cannot tell you how much I loved Dr. Brown and how deeply I feel his departure. He was strong and gentle and wise—just the kind of man to draw others and to fill a great need among Christian workers. He did his duty, underwent self-denial for Christ's sake and has gone home! Let us not murmur, but patiently wait, and in the meantime lean upon the Everlasting Arms.

J. A. SINGMASTER.

Lutheran Theological Seminary,
Gettysburg, Pa.

I grieve also for our Church and for the whole Church of Christ, which suffers loss through the

death of C. L. Brown, a genuine Christian, a Christian gentleman, and a most devoted, faithful and fruitful servant of his Lord. Indeed, I envy him his heroic death and his high heavenly reward. In your own great loss just think how greatly he has gained. Rejoice for him. That is what I am trying to do.

JOHN W. HORINE.

Lutheran Theological Seminary,
Columbia, S. C.

The news of the death of our beloved Dr. Brown in Liberia on the 5th instant has come to us as a great and severe blow.

I am sure that all agree that your beloved husband was one of God's special noble men, who was willing to spend and be spent in the service of our Master for the upbuilding of His Kingdom. His early death is a great blow to our Church and its missionary work, because of Dr. Brown's winning personality, whole-hearted intelligent interest, and self-sacrificing and loyal service for this cause. We cannot understand God's ways in permitting his being called away at this time. We can only bow in submission to His will and pray for consolation and strength and also hope that God may raise up others to carry on the great work in the same spirit.

LAURITZ LARSEN,

President, National Lutheran Council.

437 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

This news has shocked us very much indeed. With Mr. Oldham we have shared the appreciation of the splendid work which Dr. Brown was doing in British East Africa, opening the way for the American Lutheran Churches to take over the missionary work formerly carried on in that part of Africa by the German missions. He seemed specially qualified for the responsible work entrusted to him by your Council. His loss at this time seems to us to be one that is exceedingly great. More than this we cannot say. The work will go on, even though the workers fall by the wayside. We know that the Lord of the vineyard has his plans and in His wisdom and power will surely accomplish them.

In faith, though with heavy hearts, we must go forward, assured of victory.

A. L. WARNSHUIS,
Secretary of the International Missionary
Council.

London, England.

Our loss, as we count loss, is great. Perhaps no other member of the Board is in position to realize as I do what his death means to the cause of foreign missions. I have known him since he first went to Japan. As a member of the Board of the United Synod South, for about twelve years previous to the merger, I was in position to know of his ability and worth. But it was during the years following the death of Doctor Holland that I came into close personal contact and fellowship with him. Together

we planned, worried over perplexing problems, yearned over the appalling needs of Japan, agonized in faith and hope and prayer, and jointly gave the best that was in us for the furtherance of the cause. And since the merger, what a tower of strength was he! We of the Japan Mission Committee felt secure with his splendid judgment and unquestioned devotion as a refuge. I feel a keen sense of personal bereavement. And my heart goes out in deepest sympathy with the grief-stricken wife and children.

Before this inscrutable mystery my mind is lost in wonder and bewilderment, and my heart is dumb within me. I dare not murmur or question the strange workings of God's permissive providence. He calls His faithful workers home to give them the reward promised by their Lord and Master, but He will carry on the work by others, though according to man's estimation less able and less fitted than the hero whose mortality sleeps in the soil of Africa. May God sustain with His abundant grace and blessing the sorrowing family! May He call a workman through whom to carry on the work, which to us seems to have received so lamentable a blow, to a consummation which shall redound to His praise and honor and glory!

M. J. EPTING.

Savannah, Ga.

The loss to the Church and especially to the department of Foreign Missions is beyond our ability to compute. But he died in the cause so dear to his

heart and I believe God in His wisdom will make this sad event and great loss just now, the divine seed of a great harvest in the foreign field in the years ahead of us.

M. M. KINARD.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

With a sorrowful heart I acknowledge the receipt of your letter announcing the death of our beloved Dr. Brown. My heart bleeds.

R. C. G. BIELINSKI.

Delanco, N. J

The letter with the shocking news of Dr. Brown's death in Africa was received yesterday. I cannot tell you how I feel about it. You know better yourself than I can express it. It is an incalculable loss. We must trust in God. He will show the way. How deep the grief must be to Mrs. Brown! May God be gracious and merciful to her!

GEORGE A. GREISS.

Allentown, Pa.

Just received your letter telling of Dr. Brown's death. We are indeed very sorry to hear of his untimely death. He was one of the men whom we had learned to love and had great confidence in. We feel that the foreign mission has lost one of its best men.

May God supply the man who will faithfully and ably fill the place he has left vacant!

V. W. BONDO.

Racine, Wis.

I have known Dr. Brown for many years, in fact, I knew him before he first went to Japan. Truly a good man has fallen and he will not only be missed in the home and in our Board meetings, but throughout the Church.

H. L. BONHAM.

Chilhowie, Va.

It was a great shock to me to have your letter of December 10th informing me of the sudden death of Dr. Charles L. Brown. I was under the impression that Dr. Brown was on his return to the United States.

When Dr. Simon and I returned from our last Board meeting in Baltimore we were talking of having Dr. Brown come to Hagerstown as soon as he returned to make an address to the United Lutheran Churches of Hagerstown. I can assure you that it is a grief to the Board and the entire Church to hear of the death of such a great and good man as Dr. Brown.

M. P. MÖLLER.

Hagerstown, Md.

Our hearts are saddened by the news of Dr. Brown's death in Africa.

Our tender sympathy attends dear Mrs. Brown in her bereavement.

The loss to our Foreign Mission work, especially as relating to the Japan Mission, will mean much to our Board.

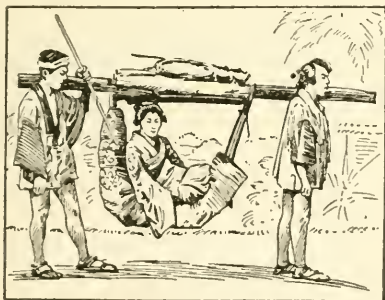
HELEN C. BEEGLE,
Executive Secretary, Women's Mis-
sionary Society.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

In the most unexpected death of Dr. C. L. Brown in Africa our Japan Lutheran Mission lost its greatest leader and the Japanese Lutherans one of their truest friends. Our admiration and love for Dr. Brown was very great and deep. To us he was an ideal missionary of the Cross. He was quite skillful in the Japanese language. He spoke and wrote well, better than the ordinary missionaries. He understood Japan and sympathized with her national problems. In dealing with us individually, no one was more sympathetic and tactful than he. He always made us feel that he was our truest friend, in whom we could put all our confidence. But one thing, above all, which made the deepest impression upon our minds and hearts, was his loyalty to Christ. He believed in the saving power of the Gospel. He lived and worked constantly in that faith. In our personal contacts with him we always felt the spirit and love of Christ.

As his religion was genuine, his character was noble. The north star of his whole missionary career was to be faithful to Christ. And as a soldier of the Cross, he was obedient even unto death. Such a noble missionary, our dear Dr. Brown was. But, alas, he is no longer with us. Our sorrow over this great loss is still keen, and will be felt for many years to come. His name will remain forever with us and will be a source of inspiration. And we, young men of Japan, shall dedicate our lives anew to the great cause of the Cross, for which our Dr. Brown so nobly lived and died.

HAJIME INADOMI.



Quotations from Letters Written by Dr. Brown to His Wife Describing His Last Journey

Arranged by Ezra K. Bell

P. & O. S. N. Co.,

S. S. "Donegal."

May 19, 1921.

As yet we have suffered nothing from the heat. The weather has been almost ideal during this whole journey. Even while in London we were lucky not to have rain. Of course we will run into heat now very soon, because we are drawing nearer the equator.

We are just now opposite Mt. Sinai as I write.

There is a little piece of verse which I now set down for your enjoyment. It is perhaps the last verse I'll send along, for I shall not likely get hold of another book of poems, and I'm certainly not going into the verse business myself. Don't you think this little bit mighty nice and true?

HOME AND LOVE

Just Home and Love! the words are small,
Four little letters unto each;
And yet you will not find in all

The wide and glorious range of speech
Two more so tenderly complete;
When angels talk in Heaven above,
I'm sure they have no words more sweet
Than Home and Love.

Just Home and Love! it's hard to guess
Which of the two were best to gain.
Home without Love is bitterness;
Love without Home is often pain.

No! each alone will seldom do;
Somehow they travel hand in glove;
If you win one you must have two,
Both Home and Love.

And if you've both, well, then I'm sure
You ought to sing the whole day long;
It doesn't matter if you're poor
With these to make divine your song,
And so I praisefully repeat,
When angels talk in Heaven above,
There are no words more simply sweet
Than Home and Love.

Dar-es-Salaam.

June 19th.

I am sitting out here on a broad verandah looking out to sea. The low coast line of Africa lies to my left. Beyond are millions of blacks, without God, the burden bearers for many races. Poor fellows! There is but one power that has ever done much for them and there is but one power than can do much for them, and that power is the Gospel. I hope that the American Lutheran Church will do something big to reclaim the work that was so hopeful prior to the war.

Dar-es-Salaam.

June 21, 1921.

I am now awaiting a reply to my note to the Governor. I asked for an interview and hope he will give it without delay. I plan to go up into the interior a couple of hundred miles to investigate the condition of the Mission Stations. Up where I am going is the finest country in this whole territory. It is near the Kilimancharo Mountain which is some 19,000 feet high; 7,000 feet higher than Mt. Fugi. Up there it is cooler than down here and freer from mosquitoes, I think. I will have to put on heavier clothes there and sleep under blankets. Just when we shall get away from here I cannot yet say, as I do not know when the Governor will grant an interview or just what will take place at the interview. I am very anxious to get up into the interior and find out just what the conditions are. Boats out here are irregular. Business is slack, which makes it hard to keep up a frequent schedule of shipping. Even trains do not run but once a week. Once each week the train carries passengers and mail, once each week freight, once each week water, and then once each week is a mixed train for freight and third class passengers.

Dar-es-Salaam is a rather pretty town. It was the seat of Government under the Germans and also is now under the British. It has a very pretty sea coast and a nice little harbor. The cocoanut palm groves and almond and locust trees make a pretty scene. The Germans had built some nice homes in the palm groves facing the sea. The German ship,

"Koenig," that did so much damage out here during the war and was afterward sunk in the entrance to the harbor, was recently raised from the bottom and lies on the beach nearby.

Moshi, Tanga.

June 28, 1921.

Here I am at the base from which I am to tour the mission stations. Our train arrived yesterday afternoon and I at once mailed to you a letter which I had written on the train. We came up to this little inn called "The Africa" and are waiting here for Mr. Eisenschmidt to come and arrange for the itinerary. Mr. Eisenschmidt is a Russian who was left here when the German missionaries were sent away. "The Africa" is a little one-story house with a tin roof.

We are at the foot of the great African mountain Kilimancharo, which towers 19,300 feet with perpetual snow around the higher reaches. Imagine me now in a place like Karuizawa with Asama close by, only twice or three times the size of the real Asama; or at Gotemba near Mt. Fuji, with a mountain nearly twice the size of the real Mt. Fuji. The air is cool and delightful and I'm feeling O. K.

Masama, near Moshi,

June 30, 1921.

I left Moshi on Wednesday morning about 11 o'clock and came through the country to the mission home here at Masama. This was my first introduction to the real African trail. Put on my kakhi

shirt, short breeches, spiral puttees and big tramping shoes, and walked 20 miles. From now it is tramp, tramp, tramp. No railroads nor steamships. Right through the bush, most of the time by a narrow path.

The mission home is very modest and somewhat damaged by white ants. The ants in this country are amazing. The white ant is a terror. It piles up great mounds of earth everywhere, eats up any wood near the ground making it necessary to build of mud, brick, or stone, with cement floors; and then it will attack your cement floors and bore through your brick walls and punch holes in them, or undermine your stone walls by boring under. My companion slept on the ground floor night before last and carelessly left his suit-case on the floor. It happened that the white ants had bored through the cement floor in that room, so they went for his suit-case and punched holes in it.

While on the way Wednesday we crossed the line of march of an army of army-ants. They are a big, reddish-black ant that get out of the way of neither man or beast. Pitch your tent in their line of march and you'll have to move. Elephants are said to keep out of their way.

On Wednesday and also today we crossed a line of the big black ants that destroy the white ants. They take the white ant by surprise if possible, for if the white ants find the enemy is coming they rush forward their soldiers and block the attack.

We also crossed the line of march of another big ant, different from the three kinds mentioned

above. The soldiers of this army on the march hook their tweezers and form a perfect network bridge for protection to the workers who pass beneath the bridge.

So much for ants. Now about people.

We had six porters with us on Wednesday and two of the dearest little donkeys. I didn't ride the "donks," but wished Richard could have been along for a trot. They belong to Missionary Eisen-schmidt. They must have some zebra blood in them for there are a few stripes. The porters carried our baggage. These Africans beat anything I've seen for carrying things on the head. You know that big suitcase of mine; one fellow carried that filled full, on his head, the whole twenty miles. They can take my steamer trunk and carry it anywhere on their heads.

Before we left Moshi on Wednesday the Christians about five miles away sent a deputation to carry our heavy baggage to the mission home there and leave it till our return. This station, called Old Moshi, is the strongest and has some 1,600 Christians. Well, this deputation from the congregation appeared on Wednesday morning and took our heavy baggage on the top of their heads and marched off five miles in the hills, while we started out for our 20 miles in some other hills. The deputation also brought a letter of welcome from the congregation.

Upon arrival at Masama about six in the evening we found the congregation of 150 or 200 drawn up in line and singing, "Now Thank We All Our God."

After which were a few words of welcome.

During the journey on Wednesday we constantly passed natives with their spears, going somewhere or another. The tribe among whom we are now is the Wachaga tribe. They are a good tribe, and not so inclined to be naughty as the Masai.

July 1, 1921.

Went to visit one of the mission schools this morning. About 45 minutes' walk from the mission home. I found forty girls in attendance. The boys came today. Boys and girls attend on alternate days. Of course the work is very primary. The children are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and a language called Kiswahili. The children are from 8 or 10 years to 14 or 16 years. Compared to Japan the work is very primitive. Outside the school-house are great piles of stone which the natives have carried for the purpose of building a chapel. They have carried the stone over a mile on their heads. And all this they are doing without help from the Mission.

On the way to the school house we passed a sacred spring from which once upon a time, it is said, an elephant and a woman sprang. These became the progenitors of the Wachaga tribe. The chief comes here every year and holds a festival with the people. No one is allowed to cut down any of the trees about the spring.

You ought to see the pretty flowers at the mission home here. This country can be made most beautiful. Roses in abundance, oleander, oranges,

peaches, apples, lemons, bananas, coffee. It is a wonderful country in here for any one who is willing to be cut off from European associations. The nearest doctor is 20 miles, and the nearest dentist about 200 miles.

July 4th.

Tomorrow we go back to Moshi, where there is a congregation of 1,600 people. Using Moshi as headquarters for a time, we will visit stations in that section of our territory. After that we will go to the other side of the territory and work back to where we now are. It will take about six weeks to get round among the stations and 300 to 400 miles of walking.

Last night the white ants ran Mr. Zeilinger out of his room. They are a miserable pest.

We hope to see the native chief here when I come back. His son is a catechumen and his daughter a Christian.

I have spent the day largely in gathering information about the work. This was a very fine work and was just beginning to grow nicely when the war came. The Christians have been very faithful, and I hope the American Christians will be just as faithful now in coming to the rescue.

Old Moshi, July 6, 1921.

Yesterday morning at 10 o'clock we left Masama and tramped some 20 or 25 miles to Old Moshi. We passed New Moshi about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and there I mailed you a letter.

It sure was one pull yesterday. I reached Old Moshi last night at 8:15—dark as Egypt up the mountain from New Moshi and we didn't have a lantern until half-way up. The porters had gone ahead and taken the lantern with the baggage. We are out for a big trip now, which will take about two weeks. We have some six or eight porters along and will have to add a couple more from here, for we now take our folding cots, blankets, bath tub, etc., for camping out. We also have two donkeys, a heavy rifle, and a double-barreled shot gun. I also have as a protection against fast walking a big blister on my little toe and a sore and swollen leader above the right heel. Stopping here today and tomorrow to see the people and the plant and to rest up a bit.

Last night when we arrived we found that the people had been waiting for us, but since we did not arrive earlier they had gone home. They had decorated the walk leading up to the Mission Home with archways of tremendous palm leaves, roses and fuchsias. The whole front of the house was covered with floral decorations. They had also brought a half bushel of potatoes, two dozen eggs, some milk, and a chicken, to keep us the two days we are here.

Today they gathered about noon to sing to us songs of welcome, and offer a speech. You ought to have seen the crowd, men, women, and children, full three hundred of them. After the songs, the teachers and some of the more important members came up on the veranda to

shake hands. There were some fifty of them.

Well, you ought to see this place. It is the best view of nature I have yet had. The mission station is some 4,800 feet above sea, on the side of the foothills of the great Kilimancharo Mountain. The Mission compound is filled with the most beautiful trees, cedar, eucalyptus, mango, lemon, wild fig, etc. The grounds are covered with the most beautiful roses, fuchsias, oleander, etc. The surrounding hills are covered with banana groves. Facing the plains, one looks out on a wide expanse of almost level ground, with mountains rising up here and there to break the monotony. Would that I were an artist and could paint some of this scenery.

The house we are in hasn't been occupied for a year. The German missionaries were driven away just one year ago. It is real pathetic. Here is a little low bench beside me on which the children sat. Here are odds and ends of furniture used by the missionary family. Here is the medicine cabinet filled with bottles. Here an old graphophone, there a couple empty bedsteads. Too bad! Driven out because they were German and not because they had done any wrong.

Marangu, July 9th, 1921.

I sent you a letter down from the hills on July 7th. That day I visited one of the schools some 45 minutes walk from the Mission Home. Ninety children were present and gave an exhibition of their knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, singing. They were a live crowd. As we came

back to the house the children followed us singing all the way. All are naked, except a loose cloth thrown about them.

On the way to the school we passed the home of one of the church elders. He came out and greeted us and insisted on our coming into the yard. So we entered through a beautiful avenue of cedar trees into his compound.

There we were presented with fine oranges and pineapples. Many of the Christian huts are tipped with a cross. They look rather picturesque set in among the banana groves.

In the afternoon was the regular weekly service for the Christians. The church was filled and many stood on the outside. Full five hundred or more were in attendance. On Sunday anyone may come to the service, but on Thursday afternoon only the Christians.

Yesterday morning we started for Maranga about 9.45 o'clock. The way lies along most wonderful valleys whose sides are covered with banana groves, the most beautiful palm trees and other growth, with here and there a native hut tucked away among the banana trees. Everywhere as far as the eye will carry, are endless spans of banana groves, deep valleys, clear rocky mountain streams, pretty waterfalls. Up and down hill we went, across valleys and bubbling brooks, under the palm branches hanging low, until we came within two hours of our destination. We had been walking three hours. Then just ahead, right in the middle of the road, facing in our direction stood, not a herd of elephants nor

a pair of lions, nor a leopard, ready to spring, but a host of men, women, and children, Christians from Marangu-Mamba, two hours distant, come to meet us in the way and welcome us. There were full 500 or 600 of them and every one carried a long stick with a bunch of pretty flowers tied at the end. Most were in the shape of a torch, others took the form of a cross. Some of the children were not over 6 or 7 years old and had come all that distance. As we drew near they began singing Christian hymns. After a few words of greeting the whole congregation turned and led off toward Marangu, lifting their flower banners aloft. It was a long line extending hundreds of yards along the mountain path. And as they went they sang hymns all the way, those in front leading off and those behind taking up the refrain. And as the long line wound its way over hills and across valleys, over rocky paths and trembling bridges, the heathen from every quarter flocked to the roadside and watched the procession and cried out "jambo," which is their salutation. Occasionally some aged mother, more bold than the rest, would step into the road and grasp my hand and say "O jambo, jambo." For one trained among the Japanese this was a wonderful sight.

When we reached the house after two hours of fast marching, the children leaping and singing by the roadside, and the grown-ups chanting all the way, the procession halted and parted to either side of the road, and lifting their flower banners high formed an archway of flowers, under which we

passed into the Mission compound. Then came another graceful act. Four little European children stood at the base of the steps, each with a bouquet of roses and violets. They stepped out and handed the bouquets to us. I have one pinned on my coat now.

Two of the children belong to a Mr. Reach, who is employed by the Mission to look after repairs. He lost his wife five years ago and has been keeping house by himself ever since. The little girls are 6 and 8 years old. The other two children belong to a planter who lives in the neighborhood. These people are Slovaks and before the war were Austrians. The two children are staying here at present because the mother is caring for an Italian woman who works on their plantation. The woman is very sick this morning and they are trying to get a doctor. There is only one doctor nearer than 50 miles and he is 8 or 10 hours away and is no good. Poor woman! I'm sorry for her and wish I were a doctor myself. These are the only white people in this whole district.

July 11th.

Yesterday was Sunday and a big day here. There is a nice church here and a baptized membership of 1,300. In the morning from 9.00 o'clock was regular service. The house was packed with over 1,000 people. They sat for two and a half hours. You ought to have seen the floral decorations about the altar and pulpit. On either side of the pulpit and reading stand were placed two fine banana trees

with their large waving leaves. The same on either side the big stone altar. Then about the altar were other pretty decorations, the whole making a beautiful tropical effect.

In the afternoon at 2.00 o'clock was the baptismal service. Nineteen adults and four children were baptized. Again more than 1,000 people were present.

It was a great day, long to be remembered.

Today was another triumphal procession. We left Marangu this morning at 10.00 o'clock and headed toward one of the smaller mission stations some five or six miles away. We had not gone far till a crowd of school children with the teacher met us and sang songs of welcome. One little fellow climbed up into a tree where the school bell hangs, and while the others were singing he hammered the bell. It was a funny sight.

Further along the way the chief of this district came to meet us and conducted us to our destination. He is a tall fellow and thin as I am with big holes in his ears larger than a silver dollar. Not long after he joined us a great crowd of Christians, full 800 strong, came from Mwika to meet us. They carried flower banners, but much prettier than those on Saturday, carried by the Marangu people. These latter had more variety in design. There were crosses, crowns, stars, triangles, etc., with roses, fuchsias, daisies, and many wild flowers, with pretty palm leaves. They marched ahead with banners lifted and singing as they went. The chief followed the congregation and we the chief.

We arrived at the Mission compound and passed under arches of flowers and along footpaths decorated on either side with great palm leaves. The grounds about the mission property are very fine. Groves of pretty trees, orchards of orange and biwa and peach. There must be 200 yards of walk lined on both sides with orange trees, standing so thick that they make a complete archway through which the sky is invisible. Some of the oranges are larger than your fist and most luscious in taste.

As we left later in the day one of the native teachers handed me a chicken as a present. Maybe we will eat it tomorrow.

Another chief met us this afternoon as we passed through his domain and conducted us to the end of his territory.

July 15th.

We left Marangu on the 13th for a two-day journey to Shigatini. We rode our donkeys for some distance down to the plains. Mine became naughty once, stood on his head, and pitched me a nice little somersault. Ran into a big bunch of baboons on the way. Had a shot at one but he got away. I also had a shot at an antelope cow but she too got away. We walked all day through the plain in a narrow little path with the grass head high. We came to a small river about dark, where we camped for the night. There are many alligators in this river, but we saw none. Did not sleep so well, on account of monkeys and baboons barking about us all night, and two big hippopotamus grunting and snorting close by. I arose early

next morning and started on a second day's tramp. We ran into a bunch of prairie hens and killed two. The path lay over steep mountains in the afternoon and the sun was blazing hot. Perspiration ran in streams.

We arrived at Shigatini yesterday afternoon. Found that an English officer on a vacation had occupied the Mission House with his wife and another lady. He had just gotten back from a trip down in the plains where he ran into six lions all in a bunch. Shot two and brought the skins home. Upon our arrival we were invited to tea and to lunch today. There are two houses here on the compound, so we are quartered in one of them. The congregation met us with songs and flowers at the entrance to the mission compound and also presented us with eight chickens.

The country about here is not equal to that from which we came and the people also are less sturdy. The work here has suffered greatly.

We leave here tomorrow and go to Usangi for Sunday, and from there walk six hours to nearest railway station and go back to Moshi, where I mail this letter. From Moshi we will go to the other extreme end of the mission field, to Arusha, some three days' journey from Moshi. After that trip we will begin to wind up my work here, have another conference with the Government at Dar-es-Salaam, and set sail for Bombay.

July 16th.

This morning we went over to another station

called Usangi, about one and a half hours distant from here. About 100 people met us at the entrance to the mission compound. Later on the chief of that district came to pay his respects and handed in three chickens as a present. Yesterday afternoon a native soldier came and presented us with a leg of mutton.

After going over the property at Usangi we came back here to Shigatini for the night. We will remain here till tomorrow noon and attend service at the church, then walk across country to the railway and get a train about 3 o'clock Monday morning.

July 18th.

We left Shigatini yesterday and arrived at the railway 6.00 P. M. We slept in the open under a full moon and with the rats crawling around my head until five o'clock this morning. Arrived by train at New Moschi at 7.30. We will stay here till this afternoon and then tramp three hours into the hills to Old Moshi. We will stay there tonight and tomorrow. Leave next day for the ten-day tramp to Arasha and other stations and thence will make way to coast.

As we sit here looking out on the country groups of natives are passing constantly. The lowest type of man I've yet seen is the Massai people. They are rather hideous, with their bodies smeared with an ochre coloring and their hair oiled and smeared. They carry short swords and a long spear. They are stolid and dumb looking.

Groups of the native Christians have been dropping in and welcoming us. One of them can talk good English and another one can speak German. The English-speaking fellow was once in Europe. They are so glad new missionaries have arrived and are hoping we will send others as fast as possible. Some of the Christians are bright looking fellows.

The first to call was a man and his wife. She is rather an attractive, bright looking woman, with some six or eight strings of beads about her neck. They all want to shake hands. Indeed, I'm looking forward with great pleasure to going into the mountains to meet these people.

Tuesday, July 26th.

Started on the tramp to Nkoarunga this morning. One hour before we arrived we were met by a hundred Christians, with the usual Christian hymns. We left the road for a few minutes to see a big waterfall. Very difficult descent to a good place to see, but we made it O. K. At the spot where the Christians met us are two graves of the two missionaries who first went to Arusha, or rather started, to open the work, and were murdered on the way by Massai warriors. That was in 1896, only 25 years ago, and now we have two mission stations and about 300 Christians among them.

We arrived at Nkoarunga about 3 o'clock this afternoon and after a hasty lunch went to the church to speak to about 150 Christians who had gathered to meet us and greet us. In the evening one of the

teachers brought me a chicken as a present and two wooden spoons.

This African journey is taking a little longer than I had expected, but it is an opportunity of a lifetime and means much in every way. I only regret that while I'm out here I cannot spend six months in travel through the interior to the West Coast and along the Congo. But that is out of the question. Everything has worked out nicely with me so far and the same Guardian Angel that has so often kept watch is still watching.

Gonja, Tanganyika, August 7th, 1921.

My last letter was mailed to you on August 1st, last Monday, as we came down from Old Moschi to catch the train for some 60 or 70 miles away. We left Old Moschi at 8.30 P. M., and arrived at same about one o'clock next morning. We threw down our cots on the station platform and slept till about 6 A. M., when we ate a hasty breakfast and started out for our long journey afoot to Mbaga. We walked all day until 3 P. M., when we stopped by a nice little mountain stream and ate lunch. We then discovered that a new porter had thrown away a piece of baggage an hour and a half back on the road, so we sent him and two other men back to get it. The fellow was a little queer, never has worked, and threw a piece of baggage simply because it was heavy. This caused a loss of two hours. We resumed the journey at 5 o'clock and climbed and climbed until midnight before reaching our station at Mbaga. On the way, high up on

the mountain, all by himself, living as a hermit, we came upon the house of a French priest. He is completely isolated up there in the mountains, no white person being nearer than perhaps 50 or 60 miles. We went in and rested a few moments.

On Thursday we packed up again and took the road to Gonja, about six hours distant. The path lies along the side of the mountains near the top and affords a splendid view of the endless plains and low mountains below. We reached Gonja about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Friday was occupied meeting some of the people and looking at the property. Conditions in this section of the field are pretty bad owing to the war. The work is all disorganized and most of the Christians have gone back. It will require much effort to restore conditions to where they were.

We are leaving here tomorrow and walking six hours to the railway where we take a train for some mission stations nearer the coast. Next Sunday this time we expect to be in Tanga, the port from which we will sail back to Dar-es-Salaam for the final conference with the Government. I do not know yet when I can get a boat out of Dar-es-Salaam for India. I can't find out anything like that till I reach the coast. We have had a great trip out here with many experiences, but will be mighty glad to board my steamer again for parts nearer home. I have worked mighty hard for the past two months. I can outwalk anything around here, and have more endurance.

Wuga, Tanganyika, August 11, 1921.

As I wrote you on August 7th, we left Gonja Monday morning, August 8th, and went to the railroad station nearest, a place called Mania. I wrote that it was six hours distant, but I was mistaken. It took twelve hours of hard walking and climbing. We had to cross a high mountain range and when we began to descend on the other side it was a tremendous descent. Oh, but it was beautiful! All day we were in the high mountains and did not reach the plains until about sundown. For half a day we were in mountain forests so thick that we could not see the sun. At noon we stopped beside a little stream for lunch, and sat on moss that seemed to be two feet or more thick. It was springy like a spring bed. The water was almost ice cold. After we left the forest and began the descent, our native guide got lost and caused us a good deal of extra climbing before we found the right path again.

Arriving at Mania about 8.00 P. M. we found an Indian in charge of the station. He was much pleased to see some white men and sell so many tickets (we had ten porters). He gave us all the oranges we could eat, soda water in bottles, and sugar for our coffee, and wouldn't have a cent payment. He opened a vacant room in the station for us to sleep in. We threw down our cots in the station and slept till 1.00 A. M., when we caught the train for Mombo, the nearest station to where we now are, arriving about 6.00 A. M. From the station we had to walk three and a half hours to

Wuga, but it is by a good macadam road. There is a good road to Lushoto, about 25 miles from the railroad, where there are soldiers and some English officials. It is by this road we go to Wuga. It is the best road in the country and is really very nice, winding in and out among the mountains and along a mountain stream. Yesterday we went to the end of this road to Lushoto to see the English officials, and enjoyed the fine scenery. But it was a 9-hour walk. At Lushoto there are several English officials and a number of little brick bungalows. Under the German Government Lushoto was a political administrative district and the English are using the place for the same purpose.

At Wuga there is a missionary who has been allowed to remain on account of his sick wife, who cannot be removed. I have just come from her room where I was showing her the family pictures. She seemed much pleased to see the pictures. Everybody thinks I have a nice crowd at home. Well, this poor lady has dropsy and cannot live, her husband thinks, more than a few weeks or months at most. They have been married some twenty-three years, I think, and she has had good health, I was told for only the first seven months. The troubles began with malaria and black-water fever. They have been living here in Africa for 27 years.

Tomorrow morning early we start for Lutindi, another mission station, where there is a home for epileptics. The path lies across the mountains and the journey will take at least eight or nine hours of walking.

August 13th.

We arrived at Lutindi yesterday evening at 6 o'clock. The road yesterday was very beautiful among the mountains. Half the time we were in heavy forests, with trees that seem to be 150 feet or more high. A Mr. Bakermann, his wife and two little children live here at Lutindi and care for some 88 of these epileptics, crazy and half crazy people. Yesterday one of them got loose and knocked down a woman and struck Mr. Bakermann in the stomach. It took four men to capture him. The place is located on the very top of a high mountain, with other mountains and forests on all sides. Mr. and Mrs. Bakermann have five children in Germany also.

This morning the Christians were called to the chapel for a meeting. There are over 200 of them here in this vicinity. The chapel was full.

Tomorrow, Sunday, we leave for Tanga, the port from which we sail to Dar-es-salaam. Our train will leave the station at 1.00 P. M., and we should be in Tanga by 6 o'clock. It is about three hours' walk from here to the station. Our long walks in East Africa are now ended. It has been a great experience. So far I have kept well and have enjoyed the experiences, though it has been pretty hard work most of the time.

The German missionaries in this part of the world certainly led lives of consecration. Practically all the mission stations out here are away up, up, up in the mountains, a whole day's journey from any other white person, sometimes a week's journey.

All the work is now in a bad way, without missionaries. It will take some years to get hold of the situation again. The situation is tragic and depressing. I hope that our Lutherans in America can get under the problem and solve it.

August 30th.

This morning at 10.00 o'clock I went to the Government for a final conference and had a very cordial reception. I handed in a copy of our reports and recommendations, which were approved.

Later we went to the postoffice and sent off a cable to New York, costing \$12.00, announcing the general result of our conference. The folks at home can now get busy, since we have gotten for them all that they wanted and more too. So far as Government is concerned our mission is a complete success, without a hitch from start to finish. We have had a remarkably successful time of it all round. Not a day has been lost on account of bad weather or other troubles. My steamship connections, too, so far, have been ideal.

October 4, 1921.

Now for a word about my India trip. On September 14th I reached Guntur in a pouring rain, the first real rain I had encountered since leaving the U. S. in April. That day we did nothing but make plans. On the 15th Dr. Victor McCauley showed me around Guntur a bit and I visited various schools and other departments of work. On the night of the 15th was the big reception to two In-

dian ministers of State, which I attended, and at which I met some of the elite people of the town. There were fireworks and cakes and tea and silks and jewels.

The next morning early Dr. McCauley and I went to Chirala where we viewed the work and got into heavy rains. There is a hospital there, a big church, schools and a mission home. The country about there is sandy and looks much like Saga. You know there is great political excitement in India. They are trying to force the British Government to leave India by not cooperating with it in anyway. This town of Chirala is a hot bed of agitation. Twenty thousand people have moved out of their homes and shops in the town and are living in little straw huts in the field. They do their own weaving of cloth. I was taken through the village to see the weaving in the homes.

From Chirala we came back that night to Tenali where Rev. Harry Goedeke is located. Here there is a mission home and a school. The water was standing so high around the compound that four men had to carry me around to see the buildings, for I had no rubber boots and did not care to pull off my trousers.

Next day we came back to Guntur for other meetings and the birthday party of Dr. Aberly. All the missionaries were present and the leading Indian workers.

The following day, Sunday, was also given to Guntur. At 6.30 early breakfast, at 7.00 review of the orphans, 8.30 service in church, at which I

spoke, 9.30 examination of Women's Hospital, 10.30 service in Hospital Chapel, at which I again spoke, 12.00 lunch with Dr. Aberly, 1.00-4.00 long conference with Dr. Aberly, 4.30 Sunday school, at which I spoke to 1,000 scholars, 6.30 English service, at which I preached, 8.00 dinner at one of the homes.

Monday morning early went by motor to Sattenapelli and thence to Narsaravupet to see the work at these places. The next day, Tuesday, drove to Rentichintala, to see the conditions there. They have three fine homes, a fine church, schools and dispensary there. Everything built with stone, for plenty of stone lies loose on the ground.

On Wednesday early we started back 70 miles by motor to Guntur. In the same afternoon Dr. and Mrs. McCauley had prepared a big reception for all the missionaries and Indian workers. There were about 100 in all. There were addresses, with nice refreshments and I was presented with a silver headed cane. Quite a big affair.

That night at one o'clock I left for a wild section of the field, Tarlupad, arriving next morning at 7 o'clock. We spent the day in this station looking over the work and doing a little hunting in the afternoon. We walked about two miles and killed a buck. We took the train that evening and traveled all night to Samulkot, some 300 miles away. Samulkot is where we have our lace industry headquarters. Breakfast with the ladies here and a look around, and then off to Peddapur in an Overland. A look around at the big High School and other things

here with meetings and speeches. Then off next day by motor to Dowlaishwaram and a look around there. Here I saw some of the houseboats which the missionaries use on the canals in their work. The great dam constructed by the Government and the great canals for irrigation are to be seen here.

From Dowlaishwaram we went to Rajahmundry, nearby, to spend Sunday. Here there were meetings and dinings, and examinations of work from early morning to late at night. Four addresses on Sunday. On Saturday night a big dinner was given to me to which the non-missionary European residents were invited. About fifty guests were invited. Beautiful affair.

From Rajahmundry on Monday to Tadepalligudem, and from there the same day by motor to Bhimawaram. This is a rich section, well watered, where they grow much rice, and where beautiful canals irrigate the land. There is a High School of 700 students here, whom I addressed twice, mission home and other schools.

Next day, Tuesday, September 27th, was rushed back to the railway, where I took the night train for Bombay, arriving Thursday morning.

My India trip, therefore, was a very strenuous affair. Little sleep and constant change of scene, which crowded my mind.

Speaking of India, the missionaries were exceedingly kind to me. It was a great experience for me and very valuable. Would not have missed it for anything, but in order to get it in, have had to miss several other things.

Marseilles, October 17, 1921.

Reached Marseilles this morning about 8 o'clock, safe and sound. And what do you think! I'm getting away in the morning at 8 o'clock. This is wonderful good fortune. Really, I've had the greatest good fortune on this trip, in making connections, that a man can ever expect to have.

We are now approaching the equator again and I will soon have to don my thin clothing again. After Dakar it will begin to get hot. On a trip such as I've had one must carry a variety of clothing. If you'll take your map you can easily trace the line I have followed in the past thirty days. Think I have done splendidly and have been patting myself on the shoulder. Just think, on the second day of October, I left Bombay in India, crossed the Indian Ocean, passed through the Red Sea and the Canal, sailed up the Mediterranean, changed boats at Marseilles, came down the Mediterranean past Gibraltar, rounded North Africa and am now approaching the equator on the West Coast, and the month of October is not yet ended! It almost equals my record breaking trip from Yokohama to Salem in fourteen days.

Monrovia, Liberia, Nov. 7, 1921.

Yesterday morning I landed at Monrovia and have been staying with the General Receiver of the American Government here, Mr. H. F. Worley. Yesterday being Sunday I could do nothing toward getting up into the interior. Today I have been calling on Government officials and getting my papers

properly fixed up. The President is sick and I cannot see him at present. But the American Minister, the Secretary of the Interior, etc., have been called on.

Tomorrow I take a steam launch and go up the river to the main station at Muhlenberg, and thence I go into the interior for about four weeks of hard journeying. This being the beginning of the hot season it is going to be a real hot job.

Mr. Worley, with whom I'm staying, has his family in Washington and has been away from them now nearly two years. He has cabled the U. S. Government for a furlough and is now waiting for an answer. He controls the finances of this country and has enlightened me very much on Liberian affairs. He has been exceedingly kind to me and helpful. He knows all our people and is very friendly to Missions. He himself is an active and earnest Christian, a rare thing in Government people on these foreign shores.

I find that it will take me at least four weeks to cover the ground here. The distances are so great and I cannot rush quite as much as in East Africa, for the climatic conditions are not as favorable. But it will not be long after Christmas, possibly two weeks. Then, too, steamer connections here are more difficult than anywhere else. Only a few boats call here. I'm sure I can get away in December, though, and then from twenty days to a month will put me home. I'm so very sorry that I cannot reach home by Christmas and to me it is a terrible disappointment.

My head is buzzing with quinine tonight. I am taking 5 grains per day now. I haven't been sick a day so far and want to pull off this Liberian job with the same good health.

Muhlenberg Mission,
Liberia, W. Africa,
Nov. 10, 1921.

On Tuesday at 11.00 A. M. I went down to the river to take a launch some 25 miles up the river to the Mission, but on account of engine trouble the launch was not ready to start at 3.30 p.m. So I hired another launch and came on up. That was some trip. Of course there were many negroes coming up the river also and I agreed that as many as could get in could come along. In addition another boat was roped behind and filled with baggage and people. It was a four-hour run up a broad river, the St. Paul. The negroes were singing all the way and some of the women would scream whenever the boat tilted too much.

I arrived at the Mission about 8.30 P. M. and sat down to a big dinner prepared by Mrs. Traub. All the missionaries at this station were present. They were Mr. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Traub, Mr. and Mrs. Buschman, Miss Otto, Miss Dysinger, Miss Martens and Sister Laura Gilliland.

The following day, Wednesday, I went through the little dispensary and hospital on this side of the river, the boys' school, chapel, carpenter shop, shoe shop, tailor shop. Yesterday, Thursday, I crossed the river to the plant on the other side, the big girls'

school new building and the nice hospital just finished. These are the buildings that have caused so much trouble and therefore I am making a special examination.

The site of the Muhlenberg Station is wonderful. Part of the work is on one side and part on the other side of the St. Paul river. The banks of the river are high and there is a wonderful river scene from the mission houses. To cross the river we use the dug-out, a small African canoe such as you see in pictures, dug out of a solid log.

This morning I have been examining the coffee plantation, and looking through the cemetery. The balance of the day and tomorrow will continue my investigations. On Sunday I speak to the Christians on both sides the river. Monday morning early, November 14th, I start out for the interior stations and beyond into territory where we contemplate opening up new work. It will take one month of traveling to complete this. There are no roads and we'll have to walk and be carried across streams and in hammocks. At the end of this tour I meet the missionaries to discuss problems for two days and then I make for my boat and home. At present I'm trying to get on a boat that is expected to leave Monrovia about December 18th.

Now, this may be my last letter and it may not. If I find that I can send down mail from the wilderness and that it is likely to catch a boat, of course I'll write. But if you don't hear from me for the next month or six weeks you will know that I'm on the way home.

Excerpts from Publications

Arranged by Luther B. Wolf

JAPAN AS A MISSION FIELD

“THE Christianization of Japan will mean more than we can imagine in favor of the evangelization of the other great non-Christian countries.”

“It should be borne in mind constantly that Japan is no ordinary heathen country, deserving only passing consideration. There is a civilization peculiar to the nation, yet a highly developed and in some respects refined civilization.”

JAPAN'S EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

“The system of education is almost ideal in theory and very effective even in practice.”

“Illiteracy is not common, being less than six per cent.”

“Among the people are great scholars and thinkers, reputable scientists and specialists in every department.”

JAPAN'S RANK AMONG THE NATIONS

“Such intellectual, commercial and political strength places Japan among the first-class nations

of the world and gives to her the dominant position and deciding voice in the development of the far East."

"Japan will necessarily control the development of China and Korea for many years to come. Ten years ago there were only two Chinese students in all the schools of Japan. Today, there are 13,000."

"Japanese, instead of American and European teachers, are everywhere given the preference."

JAPAN'S OPPORTUNITIES FOR MISSION WORK

"The Japanese mind is rather inclined to consider favorably a subject simply because it is foreign."

"Such receptivity is not confined to material things alone."

"If hitherto the Japanese have rejected or been indifferent to the Christian religion, it is not because they disliked Christianity in itself—but it is because they believed that it in some way if adopted, would become a menace to the State. But the success of Protestant Missions have proved to the people at large that a man can be loyal to the Emperor and faithful to Jesus Christ."

"And thus great national receptivity of mind combined with serious heart-searching, constitutes a great opportunity for the Church of today."

"The Japanese are as nationally inclined to religious worship, as any other people."

"More students in proportion than any other class read the Bible and attend the churches."

"The very success demands greater effort and constitutes a unique opportunity."

OPEN DOORS IN SCHOOLS AND SEMINARY

1. "There is a growing desire on the part of Christian and non-Christian parents alike, to send their children where sound moral instruction is given."

2. "The larger Missions saw the necessity—early in their history to found one or more Christian Schools for boys and girls."

3. "We must have pastors." "We need educated laymen." "The grade (of our school) should be high enough to carry a student to the Junior year of an American College."

4. "From the side of the Mission and the Home Church, the matter is that we have only the beginnings of a Seminary. There is no hope for a Japanese Lutheran Ministry until the Seminary is established on a firm foundation."

A TEN-YEAR PROGRAM FOR JAPAN

"The plan calls for an increase of twenty-three missionary families; twenty-six single missionary ladies. It appeals for the building and equipment of a good Seminary and a Girls' School; thirty-two Churches and Chapels; seven missionary homes at once and thirteen others as the force increases."

"There are not the figures of men gone mad, but the sober conclusions of conservative Lutheran missionaries, surrounded—by those who are doing even larger things—and by the gathering forces of heathenism and the necessity of striking a more telling blow."

THE RELIGION OF JAPAN

"Abundant evidence of religious faith and worship. Temples, shrines, idols, cover the mountains and fill the valleys."

"Practically all Japanese believe in Shinto or Confucianism or Buddhism, or all these at once."

"Shinto, the way of the gods—is purely Japanese in origin. It fosters the doctrines of imperial divinity and ancestor and nature worship." "It has no moral code, no dogma. Its highest ambitions are to remain—a sort of patriotic cult."

"Buddhism has had more influence over the masses of Japan than any other religion."

"The country's folk-love and poetry are its creation."

"Buddhism teaches many noble principles and points to a higher life of self control." Its chief doctrine of very great influence is metempsychosis." "Buddhism knows no supreme being."

"The soul is absorbed into the universal deity, loses personality—to enter the Buddhist heaven, Nirvana."

"Confucianism, strictly speaking, is not a religion in the true sense." "It lays no claim to any knowledge that is supernatural."

"Confucius teaches nothing about the relation between man and God."

"It is entirely an elaboration of principles that should govern man in his relation to man."

"Confucius did not teach a brotherhood of man."

RESULTS AND OUTLOOK

"Remembering what tremendous odds Christianity had to contend against from the first, the work of the past thirty-five years ought to be counted successful to a very high degree." "On non-Christian authority—at least one million persons accept the primary truths of Scripture, who are not openly identified with the Church."

"The results that lie not so much on the surface, are even greater and pledge most for the future."

"We confidently expect the evangelization of Japan during the 20th Century."

FROM HIS TRACTS

I. "Is There No Better Way?"

"Oh, my precious little Chrysanthemum," she murmured. "Must you face the same lot? Are women born but to suffer? Is there no better way?" The young mother raised her eyes and looked toward the great ocean.

"Over across the ocean, on that very day, a great missionary convention was being held, in America. The question of absorbing interest was a resolution pledging support to the erection and maintenance of a school for girls in Japan. The consecrated fervor of the missionary who plead for the women and girls of the Sunrise Kingdom had reached every heart.

"No nation," said the speaker in conclusion, "can rise higher than the level of its womanhood. We cannot raise Japan any higher, until we lift up the

women of Japan to the level to which our Saviour exalted womanhood until we have Christian schools for the girls in Japan." The speaker paused. There was a moment of silence. "Are you ready for the question?" asked the president.

"Question!" "Question!" sounded insistently from the floor.

"All in favor of adopting the resolution make it known by saying 'aye.'"

Away over in Japan O Tomi San sighed hopelessly.

"O my precious one," sobbed she as she bent over her child, "is there no better way for you?"

Little Chrysanthemum looked up into the tearful eyes of her mother and her tiny lips quivered. Then suddenly a radiant smile transformed the face of the child, as if a unanimous chorus of "ayes" had crossed the ocean and reached her ears."

2. "Two Streams."

"One hundred and thirty boys turned sadly, and walked away with leaden hearts."

"Go back. Go back," was our unspoken message to them. "Back to your Buddha, back to your idol temples, back to your shrines, back into the foul streams of idolatry from which you came."

"The faculty of Kyushu Gakuin would have been glad to welcome two hundred and fifty new students that day, instead of one hundred and twenty. Not one of those boys was without a growing mind and an immortal soul. Not one was there for whom Christ had not died. Yet there was a limit to the size and number of class-rooms and there was

a limit to the funds for expenses.

The faculty of Kyushu Gakuin were not giving their own message when they said to the one hundred and thirty, "Go back." They were only spokesmen for the Church in America, which sent over the message, "We can give no more for foreign missions this year."

Since that school opened its doors seven hundred and three boys have been turned away."

HERE AND THERE

I have heard the Church bells ringing,
As the sexton pulled the rope,
I have heard the Church choirs singing,
Songs of Christian love and hope.

Stood in wonder at the entrance
Of some pile of brick and stone,
As there came a quick remembrance
Of the cost of this alone.

Seen the empty benches filling,
With a prosperous happy folk,
Heard the story always thrilling,
As the preacher clearly spoke,

Of the Christ, the King of Glory,
Come from heaven to dwell 'mongst men,
Of redeeming love's blest story,
Told them oft yet sweet again.

* * * * *

Then my meditation shifted
To a distant foreign land,
And the screening veil was lifted
From the ocean's endless strand.

Here I see a waiting nation,
Groping blindly for the Light,
Heirs with us of God's Salvation,
Wandering far in darkest night.

Some are kneeling by the altar
Wrapped in sacrificial smoke;
Others up the mountains falter,
Driven by a groundless hope.

Some before their temples golden
Stand in deep humility.
Others to an image olden
Pray eternal life to see.

Some their rosaries are counting
Far into the fading light;
Others prayer wheels now are mounting
Turning prayers throughout the night.

Some are boasting of their learning
Gleaned from sceptics of the West,
Some to Western vice are turning,
Crying, "Western ways are best."

Yet from all these millions thronging,
On the shores of endless sea,
Rise the prayers of wistful longing,
For the Christ of Gallilee.

Sick their hearts of empty fiction,
And the law's relentless wheel,
Waiting for a benediction
To the "Unknown God" they kneel.

Heirs of God with sins forgiven,
Those who kneel in Western lands;
Joint heirs those but evil-driven,
Those who kneel on Eastern sands.

Stir our hearts and make them tender,
Make, O Lord, our conscience true,
That in faith, we may remember,
The work Thou gavest us to do.

Save Thy children from the danger
Of the slothful servant's sin,
That beside the Holy Manger,
All may kneel to Thee through Him.





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